Spirit of the Times

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Zoloe's letter from New Orleans was welcome. There is scarcely room for him this week, and perhaps Zoloe will excuse us if we embody his letter in an article of our own, already on the tapis, which has pre-occupied most of the ground covered by Z.

Mr. J. H. T. of Mississippi, asks us what reply to give to gentlemen who desire our paper but hesitate about sending Mississippi money. We thank him for his attention, and answer, that if those near him, who wish our paper, be "good men and true," we prefer that they should delay remitting us, rather than send the money of that State. Not because we presume Natchez money worse than other rags, save in its convertibility into mint drops, in Wall-street. There is where it touches us nearly. But cannot his friends occasionally get sight of one of Mr. Biddle's issues, or a *skin* from the Union Bank of Louisiana, which is still better? Mind we say the *Union* Bank;—the others in New Orleans may be as good, but of that we know nothing.

We acknowledge the receipt of a small draft from Chillicothe, Ohio.

We have but room to acknowledge favors from Warsaw, Va., and Wilton, N. C. Both will receive early attention.

Another valuable communication from Maryland will appear soon. Our friend will accept our thanks for his trouble in preparing so long an article.

Things Theatrical.

Another week has passed, and we have again little to record of interest or variety. Madame ALLAN treated the town on Monday to *La Sonnambula*, and on Wednesday took a benefit in *The Barber*, into which she introduced two or three additional songs. Her audiences have been brilliant in the extreme; such was the case particularly on the night of her benefit.

Mr. HUGHES, the leader of the orchestra, took a benefit on Tuesday. The house was not equal to the deserts of the man, or the merit of the bill. On that evening Mr. WILLIAMS appeared in the part of *Luke the Laborer*, which he sustained in a style we have never seen surpassed. He is a most excellent actor, and we are glad to have seen him. He gave a comic song between the plays, which drew down the house, and was most heartily encored.

Madame LECOMTE appeared in a beautiful *pas de deux* with Mr. Chekini, and of course the applause was all right. She afterwards undertook the part of Fenella, in *Massaniello;* of her ability to do it justice we have spoken before. Her husband, who also re-appeared in this opera, distinguished himself more than when we first saw him. He is both a good singer, and a good actor, and a very fine looking man. Mrs. Hughes, too, appeared on this occasion,—a very lady like looking woman, with a sweet voice.

This evening (Friday) Mr. BROUGH takes his benefit, and attempts the part of *Fra Diavolo*, in the opera of that name. At present it is understood that Madame Allan does not support him. If such be the case, the result of this experiment will be rather sorry. We shall regret it, because so good a singer and clever a man as Mr. Brough deserves a good house However, if he anticipated the aid of the fair Caradori, and has been disappointed in obtaining it, neither he nor his English friends have much cause of complaint, for we believe it is a part of their creed that singers owe little regard to each other's interests or feelings, even if a lady is thereby benefited; such at least is the interpretation we were constrained to put upon their conduct in a late, but ever memorable fracas, which took place at this same theatre.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—We have heard of nothing new at this house, and presume they are getting on much as usual with the Love Chase and Telemachus.

We learn that the APOLLO has been re-opened with its Marionettes. Though we wish them all success, we are not wild enough to anticipate it for them.

The Love Chase has been brought out at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, and proves, as here, the most attractive piece of the season. Mrs. Shaw's personation of Constance was the theme of universal praise.

Mr. Forrest is still at Philadelphia, and is playing a short engagement at the Chesnut-street Theatre. Though Mr. Forrest can generally command a good house, there has been nothing like a regular *jam* on any night of his late engagements. To those who are accustomed to watch the ebb and flow of public feeling, this temporary reaction will only appear a natural consequence of the high wrought state of excitement which within the past month attained its climax, and has since been gradually subsiding.

Madame Lecomte will, it is understood, come out at Philadelphia next week, where we venture to predict for her a more than usually successful campaign. Caradori Allan is engaged to succeed her. Miss Maywood (La Petite Augusta) is still the observed of all observers. She may be expected at the Park in a week or two. After fulfilling brief engagements at a few of our principal cities, she is to proceed to France, to complete her professional education.

Miss Tree, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Conduit, and Mr. Plumer, are all performing at New Orleans. The critics, as may well be imagined, are in raptures with the first named lady, and style her, beyond all compare, the finest actress on the stage. She made her debut in the character of Julia, in the Hunchback, and afterwards appeared in Ion, Beatrice, and other favorite parts. Of Mrs. Bailey, too, the papers speak in the highest terms of commendation. We give the following paragraph as a sample:—

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Bailey made her debut before a New Orleans audience, and won their long and loud applause by some of the sweetest minstreisy that ever captivated the willing ear. Her voice is essentially soft, tender, and touching, full of mellow sweetness, cultivated to the highest extent of its powers, and rendered more effective by being imbued with the charm of feeling; of a soul teeming with sensibility and seeming spontaneously to warble its impressions in the most delicious tones of music. With less volume and brilliancy than Mrs. Gibbs, whom we all remember, Mrs. Bailey is endowed with more natural purity, more of that inherent quality of voice by which the attention is awakened and pleasure maintained unbroken. Her execution is ever perfect; it may not soar to that point of splendor, and revel in those artificial though fascinating cadences employed by an accomplished *cantatrice*, but it never falters, or is interrupted, and is always accompanied with that pure, simple gush of melody so eminently attractive to a refined and delicate taste.

The Boston Gazette has the following paragraph in relation to Mrs. Shaw, a lady of whose singular merits we have spoken unreservedly on several occasions. It was clear to us from the first, that such endowments as her's could not fail to win for their possessor an acknowledged title to rank with the most lovely and accomplished ornaments of her profession:—

We have had the pleasure of witnessing the debut of Mrs. Shaw, an English lady, whose name and fame were entirely unheralded till within a few months—but whose fine talents, sweet voice, agreeable manners and personal attractions, will be certain, and in a very short time too—to assign her one of the highest niches in the histrionic temple. She opened at the Tremont on Monday evening in the part of Julia, in Knowles's celebrated play of the Hunchback, and not expecting much from one so little known, we acknowledge we were taken by surprise. True—we had seen her spoken of in the New York papers within a few weeks in terms of high eulogium, but in these cases, until we have seen for ourselves, we always feel a degree of doubt how far we may trust to their encomiums. We are now convinced.

Mr. Parsons and Miss Russell are at Natchez. They both performed on the 10th ult. in the comedy of a "Bold Stroke for a Husband," and the Rent Day.

Mr. Burton wound up a successful trip to Washington by a benefit on the 25th.

A new piece, entitled "Scotch Clans and Irish Chieftains," has been brought out at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. In the matter of scenery and spectacle, it is a most gorgeous affair, and is far from being destitute of merit in a literary point of view. It is in many respects a very attractive piece, and will probably have a successful run.

We see by the Columbus (Ga.) papers that Mrs. Gibbs has been treating the good citizens of that place to some of her charming songs. We have whilom listened with pleasure to Mrs. G.'s animated praises of the sunny South, "and all that it inhabit," and of a verity, judging from the paragraphs that have lately met our eye, the compliment is in a fair way of being returned with compound interest by her admirers.

The Ravel family are at Mobile, and appear to draw good houses whenever they perform. As an agreeable novelty, their acting will be everywhere acceptable, but it is a species of entertainment that may be very easily overdone.

It is rumored that Sheridan Knowles has made choice of an American subject for his next new play—the battle of Lexington.

Miss Horton and Mr. Horn have been making the tour of Virginia lately; they were at Fredericksburgh when we last heard of them.

Mr. Hackett has just fulfilled a very successful engagement at Mobile. His Falstaff was an especial favorite, and but one opinion is expressed there on the subject, viz., that he is the only living representative of the redoubtable Sir John

FROM A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28, 1838.

Mr. BOOTH has been playing here, and to fine houses, I understand, for I was so unfortunate as not to have seen his performance even once.

Mr. Burton last night played "The Fine Old English Gentleman;" I believe successfully. This evening he appeared as "Billy Lackaday," before a rather lack-a-daisical audience, or to speak more plainly, there was "a beggarly account of empty boxes;" (if I don't quote correctly, pray mend the line). However, the spectators did full justice to Mr. Burton's powers of exciting mirth, particularly in the farce of "The Mummy," which is a favorite here. Mr. B. repeats The English Gentleman to-morrow night, with Paul Pry, and has some new pieces in store for his benefit on Thursday.

Of the stock company, it is due to Mrs. Knight to say, that she rises in favor, and has improved since last winter very perceptibly. Mr. Mossop stands very well in the good graces of the Washingtonians; but we miss Mr. Cline and Mr. Harrington.

Mr. Ward deserves great credit for his exertions to keep up the drama here, and I sincerely hope he may realize something more substantial than credit; but it is said he would not have opened here this season but for his contract. Each week a new star rises by his perseverance, yet it is seldom that the theatre is crowded. He announced a season of six weeks only, and I fear he will not think it to his advantage to extend the term.

A. B.

THE CHARITIES OF ACTORS.

The public have long been in the habit of employing an indirect tyranny over actors, by designating the charities for which the proceeds of their professional services are required, and raising a great cry against them if such services are withheld. The game has recently been attempted with Mr. Forrest in Philadelphia, but with what success the following letter from that gentleman will show. We are pleased that one so able to bear the brunt of the contest has thus stepped forth in defence of the rights of his profession. Mr. Forrest's course excited much ill feeling at home, we believe, but has been generally approved about the country.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter has just been received, in which you are signified as the organ of several philanthropic gentlemen of this city, desirous of obtaining my sentiments in relation to the much talked of "Benefit for the Poor."

You, sir, in common with my fellow citizens, with whom I have the honor to be personally acquainted, will do me the justice to think that I am not altogether void of "tear-falling pity," or that my sympathies are entirely shut against the sufferings of the poor. So far from this, sir, I am disposed to do all in my power to alleviate their distresses, and will most cheerfully give two hundred dollars (my price for one night's performance), or, five hundred, nay, one thousand, if *any one* of your numerous anonymous correspondents, who display so much anxiety for the relief of the poor, will "go and do likewise." An act like this will argue a greater sincerity to serve their fellow creatures than the officious disposal of the time and exertions of others (which cost *them* nothing), or their boasted philanthropy, through the medium of the public press.

From the numerous applications made to me to perform for charities in almost every city that I visit, in my own defence I have found it necessary to make a rule, which prevents the exertion of my *professional* services in behalf of any charity, excepting that of the Theatrical Fund for the relief of decayed or indigent actors. The necessity of making such a rule will at once be obvious to you. For if I performed for one, and denied another, I must give offence; and if I answered all the demands made upon me, my time and energies must be thrown away upon others, to the total neglect of myself, and those who have the most immediate claims upon me. The actor's profession "is the means whereby he lives," and who shall dictate to him the disposal of his hard earned gains, any more than the mechanic, the merchant, or the advocate?

I thank you, sir, for the opportunity which you have afforded me of vindicating myself in regard to this matter, and of making known my reasons for declining to perform on the occasion referred to. Very respectfully,

Robert Morris, Esq. Your ob't servant, EDWIN FORREST.
January 26, 1838.

FRASER.

In the Statistical Section (D), a very interesting paper was read by Mr. Paulo Pryabout, who had obtained his intelligence with great difficulty, and at the very considerable hazard of having his nose pulled by the savage chiefs of the more secluded families in and about Puddledock. He had, however, succeeded in amassing together a great many important facts, tending to illustrate the moral and physical condition of things in the neighborhood; and he enumerated, among many others, the following:—

In the population of Puddledock there was a per centage of 50 males, who wore one clean shirt a week and an extra collar on Thursdays. He was sorry to say, that there were 25 per cent. who wore no shirts at all. Another 25 per cent. wore two shirts per week; but he was grieved to add, that there was also a per centage of 25 who had not paid their washerwomen. He was sorry in not having been enabled to penetrate the secrecy which envelopes the linen statistics of the females of Puddledock; but, the truth was, he was content, rather to allow the *chemise* question to remain "smothered in surmise," than to rurn the risk of being, like Falstaff, smothered himself in a buck-basket full of foul clothes. The scratches in his eyes were received in his pertinacious attempts to find out what proportion of the old maids of Puddledock had had offers of marriage made to them; and the bruises of his postern man had been occasioned by the merciless kicks of certain old bachelors, who chose to feel indignant at being closely interrogated as to the number of refusals they had met with. He had reason to know, that a full moiety of the population enjoyed a pudding of some kind on Sundays; and that the muffin-man, every Tuesday and Friday evening supplied on an average a twentieth part of the inhabitants with from two to sixpenny-worth. Two houses in every thirty-seven possessed warming-pans; and, at least four-fifths of the old women kept cats. The entire number of *souls* within the parish boundaries amounted to nearly one-eighth more than the number of entire *bodies;* one-ninth of the population being deficient either of a limb or an eye. Of these, a full third required only one boot or shoe; and of this third, one-half employed wooden legs, the remainder supporting themselves on crutches. As it regarded the state of education, Mr. Paulo Pryabout stated a fact so flattering to the Blue Friars, that I have kept it as the concluding *morceau* of my Report. He said, that, until the beginning of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, three-fourths of the population could not read; but that, when it became known that the "Blue Friar Pleasantries" were forthcoming, every one who had an eye to see, immediately learned his letters; schools were established; erudition became universal in thirty days; and *Fraser's Magazine* has been regularly taken in ever since.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

Adelphi.—A novelty, or rather we believe a new adaptation, was produced on Monday night, under the title of *Victoire, or the Fall of Constantia.* It is merely put together for the sake of displaying the talents of Mademoiselle Celeste, and of introducing some very beautiful scenery. The plot turns on the devotion of a dumb French lady, who disguises herself in uniform, and seeks her lover, Colonel Berneile (Lyon), who is with the army before Constantia. The French General appoints her spy of the enemy's movements, and she visits the Dey as an Arab boy. Her lover is taken prisoner, and herself discovered, after a variety of interesting situations, and the former is just on the point of losing his head, when the town is stormed by the French. Mademoiselle Celeste's acting was good. She was equally at home as the light-hearted French soldier and the inspired Arab—inspired because she affects madness, and with the Mahometans, as well as with certain other heterodox theologians, insanity will always pass for inspiration. The tableaux, especially the last, were exceedingly well contrived.

St. James's.—A petite opera, called *Wanted a Brigand*, was produced on Wednesday night. The following is the plot:—Lauretta (Miss Rainforth), an Italian lady, having taken an aversion to all common place lovers, and being filled with a romantic admiration of brigands, &c., the Count Julian de Beauvais (Braham) disguises himself as the celebrated Fra Diavolo, in hopes of gaining her affections by that method. On the evening of a grand ball he enters her window, and pretending to be pursued by the police, holds a pistol to her head, and demands safety. She accords it, and he thereupon dresses himself in her brother's clothes, and joins the party. The lady's maid, finding the cast-off brigand's suit, searches the pockets, and discovers papers which prove that he is really Count Julian. Lauretta revenges herself by calling the police into the house, and thereby terrifying the pseudo brigand out of his wits. After teasing him a while she bestows on him her hand, and the curtain falls. A comic part is introduced in the person of a minister of police, acted by Harley, who unites an official desire of capturing Fra Diavolo with a personal dread of encountering him; this part is humorously conceived and well performed. A number of pleasing airs are introduced, and sung by Braham, Miss Rainforth, and Miss Julia Smith, who acts the minister's wife. On the whole, the burletta is a pleasant little piece, and possesses the great merit of not being too long. Stansbury and Mrs. a-Beckett are the composers of the music. Considerable applause followed the fall of the curtain, and no doubt, *Wanted a Brigand* will prove a favorite.

City of London.—The performances at this theatre are beginning to attract audiences at the east end of the town, which for more than a century and a half have not been in the habit of attending east end representations. The great attraction at the City of London Theatre, is Mrs. Honey, but she is not the only attraction. On Wednesday night the operatic drama of *Don Juan* was performed, as it was announced in the bills, for the 35th or 36th time. Mrs. Honey, as the hero of the piece, was delightfully entertaining. *Don Juan* was followed by a very clever burletta by Mr. G. Dance, *Seventy and Seventeen*, in which Mrs. Honey, as Rose Carrington, was completely at home.

The Victoria.—A very amusing and well enacted drama, in three acts, called *The King's Wager*, was performed at this house on Monday night for the first time, and was eminently successful. The principal feature was the display of the eccentricities of Charles II. which Mr. Hooper well sustained. Mr. Wrench, Mr. Green, and Mr. Oxberry had likewise excellent parts and were loudly applauded. Mrs. Hooper was very clever as a page. The piece is much beyond the usual merit of the productions at this house, and is deserving of the patronage of playgoers.

Mr. Kean's performances at the Dublin Theatre are nightly attracting the most fashionable audiences. The Dublin papers speak in the highest terms of his personation of *Hamlet, Othello, Richard III*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*, saying that he has fully established his claims to the distinction of being considered a first-rate actor. He is engaged at Drury-lane for forty nights, at the rate of 50*l.* per night. Mr. Bunn is in treaty, we hear, with Mdlle. Garcia and Fanny Elsler.

Mr. Henry Johnston, who once filled so conspicuous a situation on the London boards, has recently made a most successful *debut* at the National Theatre, New York. He has performed his favorite characters of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant and Sir Archy Macsarcasm, in a style which has given the Yankees great satisfaction. The critics speak of his performances of these characters as equalled only by that of the late George Cooke.

A MODEL FOR POLITICAL WRITERS.

As a specimen of the courtesy and forbearance with which some conductors of the London Press apply the knout editorial, we subjoin the following paragraphs from a recent No. of the Age. A close study of the beauties of style exhibited therein, would go far to render perfect the lucubrations of such of our contemporaries as are, unhappily, engaged in the fierce conflicts of political warfare. The writer's manner, it will be seen, is at once polished, graceful, and unique.

Honor to thee, Tom Wakley, M. P. for Finsbury! May the tongue of the Fire King, hissing hot with ire, spith forth its electric venom upon the backsliding Whigs of the Movement! By our creed, Tom Wakley, thou hast done the Conservative cause good service! Never did we of the Age expect to sing *Io Paeans* to the representative of the Great Unwashed; but so it is, and we are too honest to refuse the praise which our enemy has so nobly won. "Give me," said old Tom Crib, "a good, radical, rough-haired tyke to draw a badger;" and Tom was right—"the varmint" did it well—no currish yelping and snapping, a bite and a bolt, but a regular bold bull-dog grip at the snout. "Hold on, boy," said his backer, Billy Molesworth; "Bite him off," said O'Connell—"he will spoil the Rint;" "Draw him out," said Aglionby; and, (despite of a little foul play from the Fancy, who wanted time to make a better book), forth came the Russell badger from his barrel, bleeding at the nose, and open mouthed, foaming with rage. The Southwark mastiff was the first to give tongue, but he was not allowed to go in; the Sheffield terrier *Ward*-ed off from the onset, but came up to the scratch; and the Pet of the City showed a quivering tail. Auld Jamie of the Crib, who trained the badger, backed him at long odds; they might *draw* him out, he said, but not all the varmint in the house could bag him.

The fight between these animals was not unlike the occasional conflicts between Fonblanque of the *Examiner* and Rintoul of the *Spectator;* the latter, in a snappish, rude manner, is occasionally permitted to snarl at his more polished rival for a week or two unnoticed, until, grown bold by forbearance, the Scotch terrier sticks his teeth into the heels of the English cocktail, when the enraged Radical bellows forth a most hideous howl, and striking out with his hind feet, he shivers poor little Rintoul and the *Spectator* into atoms. The Finsbury tyke was a plucky dog, and develish hard-mouthed; but then Badger Jack, although no great weight, had a rat-like operation with his teeth—wherever he took hold he made them meet. Tim Bobbin says that his "bandy-hewit" could perforate the hide of a rhinoceros, or bite through a Hungarian bear's skin. We really think Badger Jack must have been a cross from this hardy turnspit breed, he worried the Finsbury varmint so severely. The savage ferocity of these half-breed animals (when they do fight) is proverbial. Colonel Thornton used to tell a story of a couple of "cross gets," between the Dane and the bloodhound, who fought after being linked together for some time, until, like the Kilkenny cats, they ravenously eat one another up, leaving nothing but the collars and coupling-chain as a memento of their glory. It was capital sport to see how artfully Tom teazed and provoked the Badger before he would show fight, and how malignantly he defended himself when he did.

The Cock that Warned Peter.—I was surprised one morning at a very extraordinary sound which proceeded from a yard not far from our house, which I discovered was the crowing of a cock. It was a creature of an extraordinary figure, immensely tall, almost all legs and thighs, and was particularly distinguished by his song, which he prolonged into a very dismal and monitory croak. One of our Brazilian servants then informed me that it was the breed of a cock that crowed to Peter, and that this lengthened note was intended as an additional reproach to him for what he had done.

NOBILITY IN DISGUISE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

"They name ye befor me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me.——"
BYRON.

Amongst the many responsibilities entailed upon parents, not the least, in these prolific times, is that of providing their offspring with names which shall carry them safely through the wear and tear of after-life without encroaching upon the privileges, or sharing in the disgraces, of others. The man, for instance, who *happens* to bear the *not-impossible* name of Smith, and who chooses to christen his son by the not-uncommon one of John, commits an error as fatal as can well be imagined. At school that son is buffetted by mistake, and birched by accident, for the broken windows and invaded orchards: the acts of another John Smith. As he advances towards man's estate, his good reputation is stolen and a bad one substituted, by the graceless conduct of a namesake. He is dunned for debts he never contracted, rendered liable for hearts he never broke, and imprisoned for assaults he never committed. He is superseded in the affections of his mistress by another John Smith, disinherited on his account, and when he dies—for even Smiths must die—no tear is shed to his memory, no record commemorates his decease; like the pebble which is cast into the ocean, a little circle just marks the spot for a moment, and the waves of oblivion roll over it for ever!

The same melancholy fate haply attends the possessors of the names of Green, Brown, Jones, Robinson, Thompson, and others no less familiar. The destiny of one becomes involved in the general lot of all; the multitude can no more distinguish between them than they can separate one sheep from a flock, or one bee from a swarm. The hand of fate is on the unhappy crowd—"they are the victims of its iron rule;" and victimised to a certainty they would have remained, had not a boldly conceiving individual invented a mode of particularising that which was general, severing the with which bound them in one universal faggot. It was effected in this wise. He considered the name bore—one of those already alluded to—as being only the type of *man*; and, spurning at the imbecility or indifference of a godfather, who had thus neutralised his existence at the very outset, he resolved to intercalate certain high-sounding appellations, which of themselves would attract sufficient attention, but, when combined with his own futile denomination, would be sure to strike, from the absurdity of the contrast, or singularity of the juxta-position. Thomas Brown was a name as insignificant as parents or sponsors could make it; but when, in the course of time, it swelled itself into Thomas Claudius Fitzwilliam Carnaby Browne, it was impossible to pass it unregarded. The feat once accomplished, like the broken egg of Columbus, it became of easy performance; and few were the Thompsons, few the Simpsons, and fewer still the Johnsons, who did not claim "the benefit of the act."

There are two classes of persons who build up to themselves an altar of vainglory founded on names of self-assumption. The first are those who, being cast originally in the basest metal, add the pinchbeck of quality to enhance the value of the original plebeian pewter; the second, of "dull and meagre lead," who thereunto conjoin the glare of brass or gloom of iron by the adoption of double names of equal dissonance. Examples are rife everywhere. Mr. and Mrs. Vokins, while their fortune was yet to make, were happy and content "as such;" but, the carriage once set up, the arms *found*, and the visiting-cards printed, her friends are awake to the pleasing consciousness that "Mrs. Ferdinand Vokins" is "at home" every alternate Wednesday during the season.

Mr. Mudge was a plain, simple Glo'stershire squire, shooting partridges on the paternal acres, and called "Young Mr. Mudge," as manhood and whiskers expanded on his native soil. He comes to town, sees the world, and discovers, for the first time, despite the importance which inflates him, that he is nameless.—He accordingly borrows from the French, and is straightway transformed into "the interesting Mr. Montmorency Mudge, who plays so divinely on the flute," though his very existence had been a question but a few brief hours before.

The Badgers, though proud of course of their name *as a family name*, have daughters to marry, and sons to provide for: it is of no use to be good unless one appears so; and therefore Mrs. *Howard* Badger's suppers are the best in town, while Mr. Howard Badger is received with smiles at the Treasury.

Plain Boss would have succeeded nowhere, except, perhaps, on a street door; but Felix Orlando Boss may enter the gayest drawing-room in Christendom, announced by files of intonating footmen.

We are invited to dine, and seek to ascertain the profit and loss of the invitation by inquiries of a fellow *convive* as to the guests who will be there; he is *l'ami de la maison*, and, to give due emphasis to the description, and honor to the Amphitryon, he thus enumerates them "Oh, you'll have the Mortimer Bullwinkles, Mr. and Mrs Frederick Cutbush, the Stafford Priddys, Sir Montague Stumps, Mr. Temple Sniggers, the Beauchamp Horrockses, and Mrs. Courtenay Cocking; nobody else that I remember." "Won't the Wartons be there?" "I don't know—who are they?—I never heard of them:—what's their *other* name?"

And so it is: this "other name,"—this *alter ego*—becomes the grand desideratum in description—the passport to fashion and celebrity.

The anonymous in authorship is no longer regarded, save in the instance of those veterans in literature whose silence is more significant than the loud-tongued voices of a million of aspirants. We need no sign-post to show us the way to London, neither do we seek a name to anticipate their page. But the new candidates for fame are of a different order. The title-page of a work is in their estimation a maiden shield whereon it is their privilege to quarter the names of all their lineage, concentrated in themselves, or pompously appealed to in the names of others. Hence we have, "Rambles in Russia, by Charles Valentine Mowbray Muggins;" "Thoughts on the Poor-Laws, by Pygmalion Gammage;" "The Exile; a poem, by Brownlow Busfield, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law;" "Desperation; a novel, by Grenville Grindle, Esq.;" "The Veil Withdrawn, or, A Peep behind the Curtain, by the nieces of the Hon. and Rev. Fitzherbert Fineclark; and "Domestic Tyranny, or, The Stony-hearted Step-father, by Lavinia Cecilia Bottomley, only child of the late Captain Roderick Bottomley, of the Bombay Cavalry."

It is no longer our cue to be rendered "illustrious by courtesy;" we compel the admiration which the niggard world so carefully withholds, and extort the approbation it would smother. It matters little how raw, how shapeless, how crude, how undigested be the mass when drawn from the quarry of its creation; its uncouth aspect and angular deformity offer no impediment to the lapidary's skill, but rather enhance its value; and the more barbarous the name which ignorant parents have transmitted, the wider is the scope afforded to their descendants for rendering the adjunct more brilliant by the contrast.

He who is born Buggins and changeth not, perisheth unregarded; his name appears in the Newgate Calendar, and whatever his fate, it is deemed a just one. But he who (though equally degraded in the annals of nomenclature by the repulsive or sneaking appellations of Jaggers, Blatcher, Gullock, or Lumkin), adds to his patronymic the soft seduction or romantic interest of Albert, Eustace, Stanley, or Fitzmaurice, may appeal to the lord in waiting, or a patroness at Almack's, and kiss the hand of royalty, or bow at the shrine of beauty.

The motto is old and true, which many "gentlemen of coat-armor" do bear, that "Fortune favors the bold;" the daring speculators in the names of others are eminently successful in their adventure after greatness. To this category belong the sheriffs and aldermen, the bearers of addresses, and the deputed of corporations; these are they who may literally be said to have greatness "thrust upon them."

The Mayor of Norwich, hight Timothy Gamblebuck, urged by the ambitious spiritings of Mrs. G., kneels at his sovereign's feet, and, rewarded by an accolade, returns, in the triumph of knighthood and plenitude of loyalty, "Sir Timotheus Guelph Gamblebuck" by *more* than royal permission.

Mr. Sheriff Hole, presented by a peer, and similarly honored by the king, marks his sense of his patron's kindness by the insertion of his title before the cavernous epithet, and figures at urban festivals as Sir John Cornwallis Hole, the most aristocratic on the shrieval archives.

Sir Marmeduke Fuggles, Sir Cholmondeley Bilke, Sir Constantine Peregrine Rumball, Sir Temple Gostick, and Sir Peter Sackville Biles, are amongst the many whom female instigation or personal desire have led to illustrate the glory of ancient houses. It is somewhere said in "Pelham" that one's unknown neighbor, or opposite at dinner, must necessarily be a baronet and Sir John; it is no less true that at the corner of every street, in the avenues of every ball-room, a newly created knight lies in waiting to devour one. A man with a bright blue coat and, if possible, bright buttons, with black satin waistcoat and *very* gold chain, with large hands and a face of red portent, cuts in with us at whist; his antagonists are perpetually appealing to him by his brilliant title.—"It is your deal, Sir Vavasour"—"My ace, Sir Vavasour"—"Sir Vavasour, two doubles and the rub;"—till, bewildered by the glories of our feudal partner, we lose the game, and stealthily inquire of some one near, "Who *is* the gentleman opposite?" Sir Vavasour Clapshaw" is the whispered reply, recalling the name of one much respected in our youthful days—a celebrated artist in the cricket-bat line, who has now pitched his wicket within the precincts of aristocracy, and bowls down society with the grandeur of his *préfixe*.

A lady in crimson velvet, with a bird of paradise in her blue and silver "turban," and a marabout boa wreathed round her neck, with long white gloves tightened unto bursting, and serpentine chains clinging unto suffocation, is seated in lofty pride at the *upper* end of the *principal* saloon, and overwhelms by the dignity of her demeanor all who come within the vortex of her "full-blown suffisance."

"Lady—what did you say? Harcourt, or Harewood—which?—I didn't distinctly hear." "Yes, Lady Harcourt." "Why, I thought she was dead." "Oh, yes, the *Countess* is dead; but this is Lady Harcourt Bumsted: that's her husband, Sir Julius—he was knighted last Wednesday."

"There's honor for you!—grinning honor," as Falstaff has it.

Notabilities like these are nearly as illustrious as the surreptitious knights and dames who, by dint of surpassing impudence, pass current for as good as they. Both classes remind us of the gypsy-herald "*Rouge Sanglier*," whose colors were as bright, and trappings as gay, as those of the legitimate "*Toison d'Or*:" they have but one fault; like him, their blazon is false, their arms are wrongly "tricked," metal overlays metal, gold covers brass, and native *gules* gives way to intrusive purple. The glory of our chivalry is often awkwardly eclipsed when it happens that a Frenchman is called upon to designate the new-made knight: he treats his Christian name with as much indifference as he manifests in the spelling of his surname—a rule he always applies to those of British growth. We know a clever, shrewd, little, antiquarian Frenchman, whom no persuasion can induce to abbreviate a single letter of reference to page, folio, edition, or date; but who, whenever he has occasion to mention a knight or baronet of his acquaintance, invariably omits his *nom de baptême*. How pleasantly it would sound to hear the announcement of "Sir Biddles," "Sir Doody," or "Sir Farwig!" and yet this would be the predicament of these worthies were they ungraced by noble *prænominia*.

The second class whose merits we propose to discuss are the illustrators of the "Binomial Theorem,"—the double-named families—who, too hideous to walk alone, conjoin ugliness of equal intensity to scare and appal wherever they make their way. It is not sufficient for such as they that their name be Groutage or Gramshaw; they incontinently connect it—if they can—with "a worser," (to use the showman's phrase), and "double up" with Rapkin or Titterton.—Thus we hear, at our morning concert, Mrs. Rapkin Gramshaw's carriage stopping the way; and a vain and desolate outcry in the Opera colonnade for the chariot of Mrs. Titterton Groutage. It would matter little if we were only doomed to *hear* these names thus generally repeated; but there is a mode of administering them which makes us *feel* them, scorching and searing our inmost heart of hearts! A double name—no matter how base or dissonant—is held to be the most grateful to ears polite, as if the natural consequence of the intermarriage of two great discords must of necessity give birth to harmony.

"Ours is a very old family indeed," says a thick-headed Devonshire squire, with scarcely wit enough to spell the name he bears—"we came over with William the Conqueror: the Chubbs are a very old family; the first of the name was William the Conqueror's standard-bearer, Reginald de Chubb. Here's our coat of arms, we've got it on *all* our carriages—three Chubs proper, in a field vert; the crest a hand and dagger—*because* he saved the king's life!"

We knew this man's grandfather well, "excellent well—he was a fishmonger," and sold the chubs he boasts of!

Miss Eleanor Pogson Lillicrap is a very fine young lady indeed; she discourses much on the gentility of Pa's and Ma's family, but chiefly of Ma's.

"The Lillicraps are very ancient—a very old family in Sussex—settled there long before Magna Charta; indeed, I believe they came over with the Conqueror. But the Pogson's—Ma's family—are much older—in fact, descended directly from Alfred."

And this is perfectly true;—Alfred Pogson kept a butcher's shop at Brighton, and was Miss Eleanor's grandfather!

Some persons are not content with one bad name, but write and engrave it in duplicate. There are the Brown Browns, and the Jackson Jacksons, the Cooper Coopers, and the Grimes Grimeses. These families consist of many members, every one of whom is enumerated at the greatest possible length. We once saw the programme of some private theatricals to be enacted one Christmas at the Gamson's—we beg pardon, the Gamson Gamsons'. It ran as follows—the play being Romeo and Juliet:

Romeo............	Mr. Gamson Gamson.
Mercutio...........	Mr. John Gamson Gamson.
Benvolio...........	Mr. Charles Peter Gamson Gamson.
Tybalt	Mr. James Timbury Gamson Gamson.
Capulet..........	Mr. Philip de Walker Gamson Gamson.
Friar Lawrence..	Mr. Wellington Gamson Gamson.
Juliet	Miss Gamson Gamson.
Lady Capulet......	Mrs. Gamson Gamson.
Nurse............	Miss Horatio Gamson Gamson.
Page............	Miss Octavia Juliana Gamson Gamson.

And, had there been more characters to fill up, there would still have been Gamson Gamsons to supply the vacuum.

Double-named people abound in watering-places, and shine in subscription-lists. The Master of the Ceremonies' book faithfully announces the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Hoskins Abrahall, and Sir Joseph and Lady Moggridge Shankey. We are told in the provincial records of "fashionable movements" that Mr. Raggs Thimbleby has taken a house for the season on the New Steine, at Brighton; and that Mrs. Pilcher Frisby intends to pass the winter at Cheltenham. The Poles are in distress, and require a subscription; who heads the list?—Mr. Munt Spriggins! There is to be a meeting in favor of the Spitalfields weavers; who takes the chair?—Sir Runnacles Faddy! But there would be no end to the list were we to enumerate even a tithe of those who "rush into our head." The proverb which dooms the dog to destruction that bears "an ill name" is reversed in the case of man; affix whatever inharmonious compound you please to a patronymic, and you only add to its celebrity: and we are firmly of opinion that the time is not far distant, when, the powers of permutation being exhausted, opprobrious epithets will assume their place in the rank of names, and figure in the annals of fashion; Sir Ruffian Rascal will then walk arm-in-arm with Lord Percy Plantagenet, and the "lovely and accomplished" Miss Mortimer be led to the altar by the wealthy and fashionable Sir Swindle Bully!

Bentley's Miscellany, for Dec. 1837.

THE DUEL.—A FRAGMENT.

Charles Wilson had obtained a scholarship in the University of Dublin; and he made his rooms his residence up to the time of his being called to the bar. An intimacy subsisted between him and me for some time. I remember we had made a plan for a day's excursion into the County Wicklow; we returned late in the day by one of the evening coaches; we both were tired, and as we passed a tavern in —— street, Charles proposed that we should have supper.

I do not now remember by what accident we were shewn, not into the coffee-room, but into a small room set apart for more private parties. There were two tables in it, at one of which Charles and I seated ourselves, and were soon engaged in the discusion of our supper with the appetite of hungry men.

While we were thus engaged, a second party entered the room and took possion of the other table. One of them, who seemed to be the leader, was a handsome young man; at least he would have been both handsome and gentlemanly in his appearance if he had not both the manner and look of a *roué*. He was accompanied by a dandy looking young officer, who was smoking a cigar, and a bluff vulgar looking, middle-aged man, who had something the look of a dog-stealer, but was also engaged in the gentlemanly occupation of the cigar.

A strange glance passed from the leader to Charles. Charles was evidently confused; there was, however, no sign of recognition.

"Do you know these chaps?" I asked, thoughtlessly.

"I don't want to know them," he answered shortly, and began vehemently to pick the leg of a turkey, which had constituted a portion of our supper; he showed, however, no other symptom of agitation.

Their leader commenced calling for champagne; and I could not help thinking that he did so in a pointed manner, as if to ridicule the less aristocratic call which Charles had just that instant made for two tumblers of punch. It was not, however, pointed enough to justify a notice. Charles's face colored, and he again vehemently picked a bone.

The others commenced a conversation in a tone so loud that most of what they said could be heard at our table, particularly as our humbler beverage by no means appeared as exhilarating in its effects as the champagne, of which their libations were certainly not stinted.

The officer talked of cock-fights and horse-races; the fat-faced gentleman of fighting bull-dogs, in a tone and with a zest that seemed to confirm my guess as to his occupation. The other was generally silent, although occasionally he joined with the others in boasting of exploits of a character even more disgraceful than those of the heroes of the cockpit and the dogfight.

At last he said to his companions, "Boys, I must tell you of my last adventure; only think of it, an old rascal thought to hook me into matrimony with his niece."

"Into matrimony!" exclaimed the officer, incredulously.

"Ay," he said, "an old Jew of a Dublin merchant, who thought his money would be well-spent in buying even the contingency of a coronet for a vulgar-looking niece that he has taken as his child; she was the daughter of some country curate; but I humored the thing, and had a month's sport out of it, feasting with the uncle and flirting with the niece. I had them all in high tune; but egad, the plebeian wretches took the matter too seriously, and I have been forced to cut it short."

Charles' features underwent a thousand changes of color and position during this speech, which the speaker rendered still more disgusting by language and insinuations of which no gentleman could be capable. I felt anxious to escape the contamination of such society.

"Who were the wretches that had the impudence to try to take in *your Lordship*?" exclaimed the dog-stealer, as he thrust repeated spoonsful of some made dish down a throat which gaped like the crater of a volcano, which, indeed, he made it resemble in other respects by being guilty of a certain practice to which volcanoes are said to be addicted.

"Honor bright," exclaimed the officer, in a tone of jest with which much of seriousness was mingled.

"By ——," said the other, striking his clenched fist on the table, "there is no 'honor bright' in it; their name is Irving."

It was the work of an instant for Charles to rise from his seat and move towards the blustering bully. He was calm and collected. In tones of thunder the words "You are a liar and a scoundrel" burst from his lips, and his clenched fist had stretched Mr. Leeson beside his chair.

I now rose to interfere, for the dog-stealer had grasped a bottle of champagne, apparently with the intention of breaking it on Charles's head; the officer, however, dashed it from his hand, and raised up his fallen companion. Charles kept his ground unmoved. Mr. Leeson very soon revived. "This," said the officer, "must of course be settled elsewhere."

"Sir," cried Charles, "Mr. Leeson knows me. I am nephew to the gentleman of whom he has dared to speak with disrespect; I am cousin to the young lady whose name he has dared to pollute with his ruffian lips; he was for months the guest of that gentleman; he sought that young lady's hand; he has been rejected because he was found out to be a scoundrel; and you know, sir," he added, emphatically, "if what I say be true, his conduct to-night has been that of a liar, a ruffian, and a coward."

"You shall answer for this, sir," cried the infuriate Leeson. "Fortescue, the matter must be settled soon," he added, with a cold, sneering expression to his companion; "the sooner the better—you will be my friend."

"I'm d——d if I do," was the quick reply of the other, "in this or anything else to a man who has acted so."

The young officer rose in violent agitation and pulled the bell: he asked for his share of the bill, and with a significant "Leeson, you know where to find me," he left the room.

Charles flung his card most contemptuously on the table, and we followed his example. Mr. Fortescue was apparently waiting for us in the passage; he addressed Charles—"Sir," he said, "I feel it right to apologise to you for having been in any way a party to the wanton insult that was offered to you to-night; but I have done what I could in the way of reparation."

Charles assured him that he had more than exculpated himself; the young officer walked down with us towards college; as we went along he said, "We are both in for a shot from him; I may put you on an equal footing with myself. Leeson is a professed duellist; he can snuff a candle at twelve paces; this accounts for his conduct to-night; these bullies are always cowards at heart; but perhaps one or other of us might bore him; if the first of us does it, it will save the second; but I fear it's a blue look out."

At parting he shook hands with Charles; I could not help thinking pretty much as two men would do who found a source of sympathy in being both condemned to death.

"O'Brien," said the poor fellow to me, "will you stand by and see me shot? It is but little trouble; but I must get some one to do it."

I scarcely knew how to act in taking this office upon myself. I was utterly unacquainted with the laws and usages of duelling, and it seemed a matter in which a knowledge of them might be essential. At last I thought of consulting a relative of my own, an officer whose regiment was then quartered in Dublin. Charles and I had spent some evenings with him in barracks; and having obtained Charles' permission to communicate all the circumstances to him, I set off without losing a moment to ask his advice.

With some difficulty I made my way to Major Williams, in his apartments at George's-street barracks. He listened calmly to my story.

"The fellow escaped too lightly," he said, when I had concluded. "Of course he will send a challenge; Wilson must, of course, meet him; but he is not to receive his fire; he may shoot him the first time if he can."

I mentioned to him what I had heard of the skill of the other. He started and betrayed visible emotion. "Poor fellow," he cried, "this is a cursed system—this villain will shoot him like a dog—fellows like him insult society—damn the bully!" he repeated bitterly, at the conclusion of the broken sentences which he had uttered half as an address to me, and half soliloquising.

"Are you up to such matters?" he said, eagerly.

"I can't say I am," I replied.

"Did you ever load a pistol?"

"I have," said I.

"What for?" he said, with a smile.

"To shoot sparrows," I replied, catching at the moment from him an expression of gaiety that was far from my heart.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "his chance is not worth a groat; this noble young fellow will be shot by that scoundrel; it *is* a cursed system—damnable—damnable—if it could be done without."

He paced up and down the room for an instant. "He shan't be murdered, no, by ——," he added with an oath. "Will he let me be his second, O'Brien—will you give me your place?" a smile played on his features as he spoke.

"Are you serious, Major?" I asked.

"Perfectly serious," he replied; "his only chance is in an experienced second. I have seen some affairs of the kind," he continued with a melancholy air; "they are horrible businesses; but this poor young fellow must not be shot without a fair chance."

It was not difficult to obtain Charles' consent to the proposed substitution. "I do not, however," he added, with a ghastly smile, "release you from your promise; you must come and see me shot."

Contrary to our expectation, we heard nothing from Mr. Leeson that night; I felt a kind of regret; I thought it would have been all over the next morning; there was a horrible suspense that was worse than the most terrible certainty; and yet I could not but feel that it was a day's reprieve to the poor victim of the system, by which a coward first insults and then murders, and calls this satisfaction to injured society.

Next morning, however, a gentleman waited on Charles, from Mr. Leeson; there was no apology asked or offered; the gentleman was referred at once to Major Williams to "arrange" everything.

The place chosen was the celebrated spot in the Phœnix Park, known by the name of the Fifteen Acres; the hour fixed was as early on the next morning as there could be sufficient light for the work of death. All these arrangements were made, and communicated to Charles before twelve o'clock in the day.

"I have the rest of the day to myself," he said, bitterly, as Major Williams left him, promising to call for him at five in the morning; and telling him that he would settle all other matters so that he need think no more about it.

The College gates had just opened next morning, when Major Williams, true to his appointment, came to Charles Wilson's rooms. Charles and I were both waiting for him. He was wrapped up in a military cloak, under which he carried a box, which of course I conjectured to contain a case of pistols.

"Make haste, Wilson," he said, "I have been kept waiting at these damned gates until the hour for opening came. Your college clock is like everything else about it, infernally slow."

Charles put out the candle which was burning on the table, and we moved down stairs. It was a rainy morning, a thick mizzling rain was drifted in our faces. As we passed through the college gates, two or three half-sleeping porters eyed us suspiciously, and yawned. Outside the gate a hack car was waiting—on one side of it a gentleman sat—beside whom the major desired me to get. Charles and he got up on the other.

"Where now, yer honor?" said the driver, touching his hat, with a leer that implied that he anticipated the answer.

"Up Dame-street," said the major, sternly, anxious to avoid the inquisitiveness of a porter who loitered lazily after us.

The driver applied the whip to the thing of skin and bones which supplied the place of a horse, and the animal dashed forwards with a speed which his appearance did not promise.

"To the Acres, yer honor?" said the driver, when he had gone far enough to need fresh directions—the major nodded assent.

"Gee up, my ould play-boy," said the fellow to his horse; and he applied the lash with a zest that seemed to indicate that he expected some sport and good pay.

The first dawn of day was scarcely discernible. The lamps were all burning in the streets—scarcely any one was astir—it was altogether a dismal morning, and, wrapped up in our cloaks, on the crazy vehicle on which we sat, we seemed a dismal party—not a word was spoken—the gentleman who sat next me I presumed to be a surgeon—but we had enough to do to keep the rain and foggy air out of our mouths, by keeping our mufflers close to them, and neither of us spoke.

We had reached that part of the Phœnix Park where the road winds at the bottom of a glen, the sides of which are thickly covered with hawthorns; I do not know whether it has any particular name. A lady of my acquaintance has assured me that it is called "the valley of thorns," but I more than suspect that her own poetical taste has been the source of this appropriate name. About one hundred yards above the Magazine the major desired the car to stop. We were then just in the very heart of the valley of thorns; we struck off the road at once. The light was by this time so clear that we could distinctly discern objects.

A few minutes more brought us to the ground. Mr. Leeson and his second were there before us; and a third person, whom I recognised as the gentleman to whom I had attributed the office of dog-stealer. Mr. Leeson had brought no surgeon. By this time the light was clear enough for all our purposes. The gentleman who was to act as Mr. Leeson's second stepped out to Major Williams:—

"You have taken proper precautions—a professional gentleman, I presume," said he, in a tone that seemed to imply that his friend had no need of such precautions.

"I have done all, sir," said the veteran, "that I thought right," with a dignified tone.

"Very probably," said the other, drily.

"We are now ready for business," said the major, in a tone approaching to haughtiness.

"Quite," replied the other in a voice of imperturbable composure.

They moved a little farther from their principals to settle preliminaries.

"Twelve paces," said Mr. Leeson's second, with an appearance of sang froid.

"No, sir," said the major sternly.

"It's the usual distance."

"I believe, sir," said the major, "the challenged party has a right to some discretion; I wish fifteen."

The other retired to consult his principal; they talked a while in visible agitation.

The major eyed them with a look of which the scorn was not concealed.

"Major Williams," said the other, returning, "my friend seeks satisfaction for an outrageous insult—the distance you propose is too great."

"Then, sir," said the major, "you can have no objection to nine?"

I felt my blood run cold.

"It would be little better than murder," said the other.

"Nine, sir," taking no notice of what he said, said the major; "you have refused fifteen; I am anxious, on the part of my friend, to give you every satisfaction."

After some few words, the ground was measured at nine paces. When Mr. Leeson was placed he became deadly pale—his coat was open, so as to expose a part of his linen on his breast. He attempted to button it, but his hand trembled so violently that he could not. The dog-stealer remarked it and buttoned it for him.

The seconds loaded the pistols, and handed each to his respective friend. Some few words had previously passed between Major Williams and Charles, at which I moved off, that I might not overhear. He now handed him his pistol, and we all moved off.

The word was given—there was first one report—an instant afterwards the other. I trembled to look round—I heard some one exclaim, with an oath, "he's killed!" I looked towards the spot where Charles stood, certain that my eyes would be blasted by his bleeding corpse. But he stood just in the attitude in which he had fired. Opposite to him, his friends had raised up his unfortunate antagonist.

I ran towards him. *Our* surgeon was beside him—the wounded man had his hand upon his left side, indicating the direction that the ball had taken. He had opened up his coat and waistcoat to search for the wound—the ball had carried in a portion of his dress into the wound. The surgeon shook his head.

The dying man perceived it. "I know it," he cried; "I'm done—damn it—I wanted his blood, and he has mine—damn him!" he cried as he clenched his fist. "Nine paces—it should have been three—then we would have gone together—dam that mad banshe—DAMN YOU ALL!" he roared with a fiendish energy. A few more terrible imprecations, a few gnashes of his teeth, and that ferocious spirit had passed away.

There was silence for some seconds; the surgeon was the first to break it.

"Fly, gentlemen!" he said; "it's all over here."

The admonition to fly was quickened by the appearance of a party rapidly moving towards us. All dispersed in different directions—Major Williams almost dragging with him his unheeding principal. There was something terrible in thus leaving the corpse of a fellow creature, who, but a few minutes before, had come with us in health and strength—I felt I could not fly—I was amazed when I found that the party approaching was that of Mr. Fortescue.

"It's all over," I said, pointing to the spot where the dead body lay.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Fortescue, "is it Leeson?"

I answered in the affirmative. He walked over where he lay stiff upon the sod—he gazed upon the dead body with a strange expression of features; I thought there was something of satisfaction in the consciousness that he had himself escaped. He said nothing, however, but merely asked me the distance they had been placed.

"Ah," said he, "he had a second up to his business—he saved his life—perhaps mine too. Leeson would have hit his heart at twelve—but he was unaccustomed to nine—besides, he was at heart a coward, and he got afraid."

He turned away from the corpse, apparently well satisfied that he was not occupying its place.

"It's a nice morning's work," he said, with an expression half of gaiety, half melancholy—he took his intended second's arm—they walked off.

* * * * * * *

Some short time afterwards Charles Wilson left the country without bidding me farewell. Many months afterwards, casting my eye over one of the English papers, I met the following announcement under the head of marriages:—

"In the church of South Molton, Devonshire, by the Venerable the Archdeacon of ——, Charles Wilson, Esq., Barrister at Law, to Ellen, only daughter of the Reverend Charles Irving, late rector of ——, in the diocese of Dublin."

Dublin University Magazine.

AN ESSAY ON SHOOTING.

At this season of the year, when Nature, no longer clothed in her mantle of green, has already assumed her many-colored suit, when the dew lies heavy on the morning grass, and the fields, stripped of their bounteous gifts to man, are opened to his amplest range, a word or two upon shooting will not be deemed *mal-à-propos*, either by such of our readers who pursue the sport, or by such as do not.

Shooting is an art whose origin loses itself in the night of time. Not to mention the Hittites of holy writ, who must have been so named for the justice of their aim, we hear of no nation so savage as not to have discovered some instrument for carrying destruction beyond the reach of the arm. Shooting, therefore, we should think, must be an innate propensity of the species, and man be aptly defined a shooting animal.

Next to the antiquity of a thing, the great consideration for an essayist is its nobility, a notion, by-the-bye, tolerably vague. For whereas in the discussion of persons, nobility has generally been assigned in consideration of superior capabilities for destruction, or, in more civilized times, for superior do-nothing-ness—(if you read Greek, you will remember Aristophanes' definition of a gentleman)—in the estimate of things the attribute is, on the contrary, conferred on an apprehension of some utility, physical or moral, inherent on the subject.

On this consideration, however, I shall dwell no longer. The number of shooting galleries established in all places of fashionable resort, which have even threatened to supersede the billiard-table, sufficiently indicates the high estimate which the world has formed of the handiness of pistols in preference to snuffers, and of the vast utility of splitting bullets against the edges of knives. We must not, however, pass over unnoticed the case of William Tell, if it be only on account of Rossini's music, or Macready's acting; and at the same time to express our own wonder that this accomplished toxophilite should have reserved his *second* arrow for the heart of the tyrant. He must have been devilishly vain of his talent for hitting a mark!

But now it is that we come to the very pith and marrow of the subject, and arrive at the morality of shooting; a consideration which naturally divides itself (as the sermon writers are wont to say) under three heads,—war—duelling—and the destruction of game;—"and first of the first"—

The morality of war rests on this most plain and demonstrative fact (if upon no other), that whenever a great battle has been lost or won, and some hundred thousands of human beings have been tortured and slain,—or whenever a town has been taken by storm, and murder, lust, and rapine have done their worst by the unoffending inhabitants, the most Christian of kings have not failed to sing *Te Deums* on the occasion; and the people also have poured forth their thanksgivings to "the God of battles," whose sanction and approval of such doings are implicitly contained in his precept to "love one another," and his divine mission of "peace on earth, and good-will towards man." There are, I own, casuists, who, in their fanatical love of peace, maintain that shooting soldiers and sailors is bad for trade, and, *therefore*, exquisitely immoral; but to these I reply triumphantly, by pointing to the old French war, in which we had a monopoly of the world's commerce, and raised the manufacture of cotton nightcaps from hundreds to millions.

With respect to the morality of duelling, I am almost ashamed to trespass on the reader's patience. Every child knows that if there were no duelling, there would be walking the streets in safety, that everybody would insist on taking the wall, that every man would be called a liar, and every woman insulted in a much more serious and unbearable manner. The fact is notorious, that so quarrelsome, ill-mannered, and brutal is the constitution of man, and more especially the gentry of Europe, so savage their temperament, and irreligious their disposition, that if it were not for Sir Lucius O'Trigger as a dancing-master, the bonds of society would be broken up, our dinner-tables and drawing-rooms would become one continued scene of violence and rage, and "darkness be the burier of the dead."

Lastly, touching the morality of shooting for sport, I am not one of those straw-splitting philosophers who see much difference between killing sheep or partridges, oxen or pheasants, for the table; nor can I believe it makes "much odds" whether we do the office for ourselves, or sanction its being performed by others. If the use of animal food be permitted us (and that it is so, is revealed in the structure of our stomachs and teeth), it seems absurd to tax the practice of sporting as cruel or criminal, because animal life is taken in its enjoyment; nor does it appear in practice that the Daddy Hawthorns are generally less kind-hearted or moral than others who do not find delight in the amusement of shooting. On the contrary, the healthfulness of the sport, the bracing effects of good air and exercise, are in themselves causes for a more cheerful and therefore for a more moral constitution of the mind, not to say anything of the sportsman's removal from the busy cares, the avarice, the ambition, and the jealous rivalry of a city life.

Admitting these premises, however, it must still be confessed that the practice of shooting does imply some slight degree of insensibility to the sufferings of sentient beings. Sportsmen in general "cast from them with indignation" (as the political spouters express themselves after dinner) the imputation of pandering for their own stomachs, and "yield to no man" in their contempt for the gratifications of mastification and imbibing the flesh of game. It is not the end, then, but the means, that prove attractive; but the pleasure of destruction, I admit, is very sentimental; and the love of shooting must be set down as an animal appetite. But what then? are not our animal appetites an essential part of our physiological complex? are they not a part of the great scheme of Providence? and if they be not quite as elevated, as ennobling, as heaven-seeking propensities, as pride, ambition, and the love of reading one's own name in the newspaper, they are not to be cried down and trampled under foot, as if they were the creation of Satan. "Of all the cants, &c. &c.," I abominate this cant of running down our animal indulgencies. Show me the highest flier among the sentimentalists whose temper would withstand the loss of his dinner. No, no, my dear Sirs, these same animal pleasures answer a very necessary purpose in the economy, and were made to possess a high relish in order to insure its accomplishment. As much poetry, then, and music as you please—as much sublime and beautiful—as much ideality and Werterism,—but no disparagement to cakes and ale, in Heaven's name; and "Oh! don't forget the toasted cheese."

Moralists of a somewhat sickly complexion are apt to insist upon the gratuitous pain inflicted by sportsmen in shooting at animals whose dead carcases are not of any use to the party when he has hit them. By a strange perversion of logic, too, converting the sportsman's misfortune into a fault, they will also upbraid him with the sufferings of the animals, which he may have only wounded, and left to perish in the woods.

It seems to me that, in all sorts of shooting, the main pleasure is the killing. How else is it that sportsmen ever count their victims, and estimate the day's sport by the numbers they have bagged? If this were not so, why would a *battu* through preserves, where the game stay to be shot at as tame as barn-door fowls, be preferred to common shooting, in which the excitement of some slight uncertainty adds its zest to the amusement? In this view of the subject I am much strengthened by a practice I have observed to prevail among bad shots, who, not being able to answer the cravings of their appetite for destruction, by bringing down a *quantum sufficit* of birds, instead of scratching behind their ears (where lies the organ of destructiveness) to allay the irritation, very quietly let fly, bang, at the nearest brother sportsman.

A strong analogy presents itself in the case of duellists, with whom the word "satisfaction" has become technical. Whatever may be said to the contrary, no one really believes that, in seeking *satisfaction*, a man contemplates the pleasure of receiving a thrust through the lungs with a small sword, or a bullet in his pericranium. No man looks forward to the *satisfaction* of being carried home on a shutter, or having a surgeon dabble for half an hour in his interior, in search of some drachms of lead, and a couple of inches of stray broad-cloth. The satisfaction, therefore, must lie in the active and not the passive portion of this transaction. If it be objected that when the job is done, the shooter very commonly expresses much regret to the shootee, wishes to exchange situations with him, and prays heartily for his speedy recovery, I answer, first, that such is the established rule of procedure in the like cases, and that a man of honor cannot do less than say as much; and, secondly, that there may at the moment come over the shooter some rather positive notions of an arrest, an imprisonment, and a lottery of twelve men's opinions on the entire business.

On all these grounds, then, we may safely infer that the sportsman has no objection to a little blood; and as some one used to take off his hat to coach-horses, for doing that which the great (without their intervention) would impose on the little, so I am half inclined to do the like by the hares and partridges, for the *diversion* they afford to an organ, which might otherwise seek its indulgences at my own cost.

But of all the pleasures incidental to shooting, the most undeniable are the appetite it gives for a good dinner, and the sweet, sound sleep that succeeds repletion—to say nothing of that feast for the gods, the bread and cheese and stout ale which the village pot-house offers for the refreshment of the sportsman, what time the sun is mounted in the zenith, and the first half of his day's sport is over and complete. I am a devoted admirer of Ude, and Careme was my idol; but neither they, nor the whole tribe of *bonnets blancs* put together, ever produced a dish whose flavor was so highly relished as is that of these simple cates. These are pleasures which all may understand, and in which all may participate; and with them, therefore, I may as well end my illustration.

With respect to the relative pleasures of shooting, and of other modes of killing time, I would willingly grant the utmost tolerance to all. "To each his taste allow," is as good philosophy as it is morals. Shooting, fishing, hunting, fiddling, and *omne quod exit* in ing, stand exactly on the same ground of preference—the matter-of-fact that they please. To interfere with a neighbor's pleasures is not less illiberal than to prescribe his religion. It is not enough that I may not perceive the attractions of shooting or field-preaching, of hunting or transubstantiation; that is no reason why I should stigmatise all persons as rogues or fools whose perceptions on these points are more acute than my own. Nay, so constitutionally tolerant am I, that I would not willingly look down on a Frenchman playing dominos, nor on a tailor devouring cabbage: I can therefore readily believe that a man may be intellectual, and follow a pointer. I do not hold that every rod which has a worm at one end has a fool at the other. It *is* possible that there may be a sufficing reason even for breaking one's horse's neck, or one's own, in a fox-hunt, or, more inexplicable still, in a steeple-chase—though, on a coroner's inquest, conscience might decide against the perfect sanity of the parties. But the birds are plenty, the dogs fresh, and the scent high. Up, then, ye sons of the trigger—"up and be at them," and good luck attend ye. Only this: when you return with a loaded bag, and you have duly supplied friends, patrons, mistresses, money-lenders, and returning-officers, pray, in the further distribution, don't forget your obedient servant.

London New Monthly Magazine.

ANACREONTIC.

Lily on liquid roses floating,
So floats yon foam o'er pink Champagne.
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And prove that ruby main,
And float away on wine!

Those seas are dangerous (grey-beards swear)
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim:
And true it is, they drown old Care—
But, what care we for him,
So we but float on wine!

And true it is, they cross in pain,
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry;
But only make our Styx Champagne,
And we will cross right merry,
Floating away on wine!

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
Then gaily row his boat from shore;
While we, and every jovial fellow,
Hear unconcerned the oar
That dips itself in wine!

Finden's Tableaux.

SIR PETER'S TROOP OF CITY EQUESTRIANS.

LOOK OUT FOR MR. JORROCKS!—We copy the following paragraph from the Morning Herald of the 24th October:—"It is said that one of the intended city equestrians, going the other day to a riding-school, near Finsbury-square, to take lessons, unfortunately began by mounting his steed on the wrong side, which being remarked by the riding-master, the proposed precursor of royalty apologised for it by saying he was *left-handed*." It having been discovered that the civic worthy who thus attempted to mount his horse sailor-fashion, was *left-legged* as well as left handed, Sir Peter, who is to lead the "grand civic equestrian procession," decided that a left-legged and left handed gentleman would be very likely to throw the whole troop into disorder; the mal-adroit pupil of the Finsbury circus is therefore not to form one of the cavalcade. Mr. Jorrocks, we understand, has been appointed to supply his place, and will doubtless be one of the procession whose appearance will excite the greatest interest. Sir Peter, who has the training of the city chivalry, piques himself on his accomplished horsemanship; he, in fact, considers it as part and parcel of his vocation as a horse-milliner. We understand that when Sir Peter was serving his apprenticeship as a saddler and collar-maker to old Waldie of Kelso, he was a bold and fearless rider of the "cuddies"—Anglice, donkeys—belonging to the Yetholm gypsies; and that when, after coming to London, he used to "show off" on a Sunday in Hyde-park, he bestrode so gallantly his hack—hired for the day on the truck system—and dressed so smartly, that he was more than once mistaken for a gentleman. All eyes will be on him on the 9th of November, when he intends to witch her Majesty with noble horsemanship. Mr. Jorrocks, and the rest of Sir Peter's equestrian troop, we doubt not, will afford entertainment enough for the lieges. A score of Billy Buttons all at once in Fleet-street, enacting select parts from the "Tailor riding to Brentford," will be a treat indeed.

London (New) Sporting Mag.

ENGLISH versus IRISH ORATORY.

A metaphor universally admired as characteristic of the old Irish school of oratory, has so generally been curtailed of its fair proportions, that it is quite time to restore them. In a note to the Fudge Family, Moore says, "Alluding to a hypocritical pretender to charity, the celebrated counsellor B. asserted to the jury, that 'he put his hands into his breeches'-pockets like a crocodile.'" The figure really employed by the eccentric knight was much more complete. A man of property had affected to sympathize with the sufferings of some poor people, aided them with money, and eventually seduced their daughter. Sir J. knew that the way to inflame the minds of a jury of his country was to leave something to their imaginations, an object which would not be attained by presenting simple facts and reasons, nor even by a perfectly intelligible and natural metaphor. What he actually said was:—"He put his hands into his breeches'-pockets like a crocodile, drew forth his deceptive gold, and *feigned to shed factitious tears*." There cannot be a more beautiful disorder than this! The crocodile's breeches'-pocket is a self-evident proposition, compared with the *feigning* to shed tears; which, however, must have been shed, because it is maintained, they were tears of a spurious composition. There is, also, in a tangled way, the admitted affinity between a crocodile's lachrymation and deceitful weeping in general. If the very same thought could have struck an English pleader, he would probably have arranged it differently. "Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant put his hand into his pocket, and drew forth the gold that was intended, in the guise of compassion, to destroy the peace of this poor family; while tears as treacherous, and as much at command, as those supposed to be shed by the crocodile, when he strives to allure victims by his wail, convinced the confiding and grateful creatures of his sincerity." Thus amplified and evolved, the Monaghan jury would, most likely, have given, as damages, a twentieth part of what they did give.

When the Countess of Montalembert gives any directions to her footman, she usually backs them with what her ladyship terms her "sign *man*-ual," viz., a blow in the bread-basket, as a means of enforcing their speedy execution. Her coachman says she writes the queerest fist he ever saw.

LONDON TABLE TALK.

The Honorable Mister Norton, having lately succeeded to a considerable property, has thought proper to pay his wife's debts, finding, we believe, that there was no other alternative. A reconciliation has been attempted, but Norton declares that he cannot stand another action. We have had the communications which have passed between his wife and himself sent to us, and we present the following as the substance:—

"Dear Norton, my *innocence* now I declare;
'Tis the truth! and I hope that as such you'll receive it."
"Tush, Madam! I heed not whatever you swear;
Though I own, on my soul, I *in no sense* believe it."

Newspaper Wit.—What is called a passable conundrum, has been going the round of the papers for some days, which we would have let pass had we not hit upon a better. It is asked, "Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest that ever was built?" Because it was built for *one sovereign* and furnished for another. We rather think, however, that St. James's Palace was even a cheaper affair—having been built and furnished for *one sovereign*. When her little Majesty came to the throne, in what respect did she stand as regards "profit and loss?" Lost a *sovereign*—gained a *crown*; minus fifteen shillings by the transaction.—Such is newspaper wit!

"Has my horse a name?" inquired Birch, as he bestrode his gay charger on the Queen-mayor puppet-show day. "Yes, sir," replied the groom; "he is called *Puff*." "What?" *tartly* exclaimed the Alderman, "does he belong to a pastry-cook?" "No, Sir," rejoined the man, "he belongs to the artillery."

"Your friend Wombwell," observed the Duchess of Beaufort to Fawcett Fitzjordan, "has an excellent eye for color." "That," rejoined Fitz, "is not remarkable, considering the eye's proximity to the *cheek*." The Brilliant chuckled at what he did not pause to pronounce a great effort of the sublime and beautiful in wit.

"In the event of detection by the lady's husband," inquired the simpleton M.P. of Woodstock of Lord Forester, to whom he was communicating the particulars of an intrigue, "what course would you have me take?" "The *race* 'course' by all means," rejoined the lord. Peyton puzzled his brains for some time to comprehend how the turf would be a protection to him!

"A bank, my dear Marquis," cried Tim Curtis to his friend Blandford, in the course of an after dinner conversation, "is a *devilish* difficult thing to manage." "So I have found to my cost," rejoined the Marquis, "for I once was concerned in a *bank*, and a *hellish* piece of business I made of it sure enough." Tim filled again.

"Where do you ride to-day?" inquired Glengall of his lady. "In the park," rejoined her ladyship. "Which park?" asked his lordship. "***Hyde*-park**, of course," replied the butcher's daughter, to the evident chagrin of the Earl.

"Does your ballet make much *noise?*" asked Billy Lennox of Bunn. "Immense," retorted the latter—"look at my bills, and you'll find that it is accompanied by an universal shout of admiration from the rising to the fall of the curtain."

Macready, it is said, exasperated at the success of *The Daughter of the Danube*, at the rival house, contemplates bringing out *The Mother of the Mediterranean* as an extinguisher to the first-named piece.

MAD AS A MARCH HARE.

If Hamlet was crazy—a point oft discuss'd—
Then Otway could not have been bad
In the part as he play'd it, acknowledge we must—
For he seem'd, alas! perfectly mad.

George Wombwell has paid a visit, we understand, to the female ourang-outang, just arrived at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. George was not only delighted with this interesting animal, but expressed his determination to cultivate the acquaintance.

Considerable sympathy has been excited by the fall of the Duke of Sussex, and the inquiries at Kensington Palace have been very numerous. The answer is, however, a strange one. "His Royal Highness's *bruise* is doing as well as possible." The health of the Duke and not of the bruise is the object of solicitude. We shall expect such a bulletin as the following in a day or two:—the royal contusion has passed a good night, and is looking up amazingly.

We observe an advertisement headed *Old houses bought to pull down*, &c. for the sake of the materials. We recommend this person to make an offer for the two Houses of Parliament, as soon as Mr. Barry's plan is carried into effect. We dare say the House of Lords will be 'pulled down' even before that time; if so, he will be fortunate, for he will find an immense quantity of *lead* and other valuable 'stuff' about it.

Poor Clod Hunter, our own especial fool, is in his dotage. Will it be believed that he has made a motion in the Council to the effect that the Judges should not be treated to a dinner on a Sunday? Is it really possible that an Alderman of Sir Clod's capacity, a man who has in his life time devoured so much turtle that we believe he is now nothing else but calipash and calipee, should make such a proposition? This defection of Sir Clod Hunter, will be the death-blow to the Corporation.

Parson Wade is regularly engaged to say grace at all the Radical dinners in the metropolis for the season, just by way of decent practical assent to the doctrine that 'man is naturally a religious animal.' The worthy Doctor, we hear, occasioned some scandal at the White Conduit 'spread' last week, by exclaiming, after the usual 'make us duly thankful,' &c., as the covers were removed, 'What! infernal mutton again!' The Doctor, nevertheless, soon found means to console himself with a dish more to his taste.

A veteran Greenwich pensioner was lately taken before the magistrates on a charge of assaulting one of his wives. On inquiry, it turned out that Jack had somewhere or other no less than four wives, and that he had a family by them all; but it should be stated that each of his wives had thought proper to imitate his example, and to take up with other husbands. A very erudite evening paper remarks that 'this man would soon people a province by *his own hands*.' We do not exactly comprehend how the province is to be peopled after such a fashion.

There is a general opinion abroad that the system of managing the blacks will lead to fearful results; and if Lord Glenelg possesses the saintly sympathy for them of which he has for so many years boasted, still we believe him to be a man of far too little energy to grapple with this subject, which comes within his department. However, as the public feeling is excited, it may not be amiss to direct attention to the fate of a black swan, which has lately been pecked to death by white ones. This may serve as another stimulus in favor of the blacks.

The fashionable intelligence contained in the *Po* is invariably of the most interesting description. We copy the following paragraph from that inestimable journal:—

"In consequence of the death of the porter, the ordinary business of the Geological Society is postponed until Wednesday next."

The ordinary business of the Geological Society must be of a very extraordinary nature indeed, if the death of the porter can interrupt it. We should like to know the precisely conspicuous part taken by the porter at their meetings; it cannot surely be that he was chairman!

Since the elevation of Sir John Conroy to the baronetage, we have not been favored by the *Herald*, to whom the duty devolves of registering genealogies, with any account of his forefathers. We may refer the gentleman to the Newgate Calendar, and probably he will endeavor to trace whether one Dennis Conroy, who was hanged in the last century, was in any way connected with Sir John's descent. This great personage is, however, very eager to get his coat of arms duly emblazoned; and his motto is—*Dux fœmina facti*; which, for the benefit of country gentlemen, we translate—'A woman made me what I am.'

Our friend, Sir Clod, since his equestrian display on his white charger, has been everlastingly facetious; but the great charm in Sir Clod's wit is, that he stumbles over a good thing and is no way aware of it. Opposite to him, at the dinner, was seated a very spare and ghastly looking personage; and Clod was told by his neighbor that he was certainly dying of consumption. 'That's quite unpossible,' replied Clod, 'for my consumption, this here day, has been twenty times as much as his, and I was never better in my life. It's consumption what makes us live long.'

It is delightfully refreshing to notice any good works in which parsons are concerned. We observe that the annual meeting is about to take place at that fallen establishment, the Charter-house; and there are, out of six stewards appointed, just three parsons. The advertisement states that 'Divine service will commence at four, and dinner will be on the table precisely at six o'clock.' It is very evident that these reverend Carthusians do not pray and fast. By the way, the preacher on this occasion is a Mr. Dicken, whose 'fundamental features' used to be not unfrequently surveyed by that lover of the rod, the present rector of Bishopsgate.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says that the Duke of Orleans is now 'quite a family man;' nevertheless, in the next sentence he goes on to inform us that the Duke is likely to be a man without a family. 'People begin to fear,' he says, 'that the bodily health and strength of the Duchess may not be altogether adequate to the important mission entrusted to her by Providence of giving heirs to our young monarchy." On this the Times adds the following significant note—'Our correspondent has certainly better means of information than we have; but, in appearance at least, the Duchess seems be a strong and healthy woman. The *Duke, indeed*, seems to be a man of weak constitution.' We quite approve of the gallantry towards the fair sex displayed in throwing the blame entirely on the Duke. Indeed, if it is true that Providence has entrusted the Duchess with the delicate mission alluded to, it is not likely that the means efficient to such an end would be withheld. The only difficulty is to guess the intentions of Providence in such matters.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1838.

THE ENGLISH RACE HORSE.

It is a source of perplexity and unavailing regret at the present moment, when so much interest is taken in foreign racing stock, that the materials for contrasting the merits of those now on the turf with their predecessors are so indefinite and meagre as to baffle the researches of the curious. From the paucity of evidence in the racing calendars, this will ever remain a subject of speculation,—a vexed question, on which the most diligent inquiries will be productive of but vague and unsatisfactory conclusions. The subject of improvement or deterioration of the blood horse is of too great moment to have been left at loose odds and ends, on dits—mere opinions, scattered through the sporting journals of the day, without an *attempt*, even from the earliest period, to establish anything like a rule, guide, or landmark for future reference and comparison. A race horse is at the head of the turf while a successful winner, and is only deemed invincible until his superior comes forth and vanquishes him in equal contest. The Calendars show that Flying Childers, Eclipse, Highflyer, Bay Middleton, &c. &c., were never beaten in public. Hence, each is considered the best of his day; but we may search in vain for any authentic data by which to estimate the comparative excellence of each.

The breeder, or sportsman, appears to have been satisfied in knowing that *his* horse was superior to his neighbors', without regarding it as of the least consequence to ascertain the relative superiority between him and his predecessors. There are those (and I believe your foreign correspondent "B." is of the number) who insist that there are many horses now on the turf greatly superior in *every respect* to the best of former days. Even the invincible and unrivalled Eclipse is believed to be inferior to good second rate horses of these degenerate days. On the other hand, amateurs, sensible writers, trainers, and practical turfmen of long experience hold a directly opposite opinion, and these last, in the absence of authentic lists of comparison, most assuredly have the best of the argument, so far as the *rationale* is concerned.

Time, though not infallible, is the best test the nature of the thing will admit: and this has never entered into the system of English racing. Neither the Jockey Club nor the stewards of the meetings have ever adopted any regulations for ascertaining the *time* in which races have been run. It is true, the want of uniformity in the courses would require a different regulation from that most commonly observed in this country; but if they were so disposed, it is quite practicable, certainly, over the metropolitan courses, if not throughout the whole kingdom. Every course has its clerk, a very correct and responsible man of business, who, among other things, keeps an accurate record of all the doings at that course, with as much system as the records of courts and registers of titles are kept. Every course has also its stewards, who have the appointment of all subordinate officers, a judge, a starter, a weigher, &c. &c., as also the employment of police to keep order; in some instances these are very numerous, and are maintained at a large expense. It is evident, that with all their facilities of doing business thoroughly and systematically, it would add but a trifle to the expenses to appoint *two timers*, one to be stationed at the starting, the other at the winning-post. Let their watches be well regulated and set together: one should be *stopped* at the start, and the other be stopped at the winning-post. The difference, in comparison, would be the true time of running the race. By this simple means a fund of useful, and to the curious, highly satisfactory information might have easily been treasured up, which would throw much light on the question now under consideration. But it cannot be concealed that the desire of gain—the gambling propensities of sportsmen absorb all other considerations. The *improvement* of the breed never enters into the design of the racing man. He breeds or he buys to make the most of his colt on the turf; he puts him to work at a year old, and if he is able to bear *that*, he wears him out, literally uses him up, at 2 or 3 years old, and then he is cast aside to make room for a successor, to be similarly disposed of,—thus blindly and inconsiderately "following the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor" for good or for ill. In this manner ninety and nine out of a hundred are utterly ruined; and it would be some consolation to know that the evil stopped here; but on the contrary, the evil is perpetuated by breeding to the successful horse, who was enabled to perform his 2 and 3 year old engagements creditably, in the hope of getting speedy young ones for the short courses, without regard to their endurance. The short courses are the fashionable courses of the day, and the most fashionable and highest priced blood is that which is most successful over the short courses. In illustration of this idea, I refer to the last October meeting at Newmarket, published in the Spirit of the Times 9th Dec., 1837, where the reader will find the report of twenty-nine races, *nineteen* of which were less than 1200 yards, eight of one mile or more, and only two of two miles or more, none of which were heats. In further illustration of this sentiment, we commend to the reader's attention, the following sensible article from a late number of Bell's Life in London:—

THE ROYAL STUD—*Pro. and Con.*—"A Yorkshireman" (Query ?), in a letter to the Morning Chronicle, says—"The gambling system of the Turf has nearly destroyed the thorough-bred horse for any other purpose, the principal objects being speed and coming early to the post; the grand requisites, size, bone, action, endurance, and capability for carrying weight, are entirely lost sight of. Can you wonder, then, at the deterioration in the breed? The modern custom, too, of putting horses at two and three years old to severe exertion before their sinews are set, ruins them for anything afterwards! As to the Hampton Court Stud—magnificent as it admittedly is—I am not aware that it has contributed in any way to the benefit of either the neighborhood or the nation from its being confined exclusively to the Turf; it was originated by George IV., whose passion for that amusement induced him to select a few animals of the best blood for breeding for that purpose. Our late lamented monarch made considerable additions to it at his own private cost; and though the annual produce sold so well, he maintained it at an increased expense of £1500 per annum—pretty well for an establishment that never supplied one nag for the use of his court. This stud contains some of the best brood mares in England, and two of the very best stallions; but from the high price at which the latter serve, they are not available for other purposes than the Turf. The two Arabs are the finest horses ever imported; and for the honor of the crown and good of the country, I should hope they will be bought in, and sent to Cranbourn, or now rather Cumberland Lodge, in lieu of the two animals now kept there; for they are calculated to improve our breed very materially by judicious crosses. If a few of the biggest and best actioned thorough-bred horses, without any regard to their racing qualifications, were kept at Hampton Court for the use of the Yeomen gratis, or at low prices, you might then call that a desirable establishment to be continued. Our two last monarchs did more good to this neighborhood by keeping two blood horses at Cranbourn Lodge for the benefit of the farmers, gratis (though they might have been of a better sort), than was done to the neighborhood of Hampton Court by the entire establishment. If our excellent ministers have any desire to improve our breed in horses, and maintain its superiority—despite all foreigners—they have only to purchase all our biggest and best actioned blood-horses (let them have no pretensions to racing), place two or three in every county for the use of the farmers, and then let those foolish foreigners come and buy all the racing rubbish they can get hold of; the country can spare them as well as the knaves who live by them."

We are not among those who depreciate the turf performances of horses, for it is quite evident *that* is the proper field for displaying their powers and the conclusive test of excellence; but in regard to all the useful purposes of the blood horse, we are not prepared to found the estimate of his value on his winning over the Two-year-old, or other short courses at Newmarket. And we take this occasion, with all due deference, to admonish breeders against the fallacy of the English system, in the full belief that if they calculate on obtaining distance nags from that kind of stock, which has mainly distinguished itself in short races, they will be laying up store for future disappointment and bitter repentance. During the existing mania for imported bloods, and in view of the distinguished success of their get, we are quite aware that all doubts or misgivings, or fears of a happy result will be viewed as idle and visionary, if not attributed to downright stupidity and prejudice. But the above cited number of the Spirit of the Times, 9th Dec., contains the account of a race at Newmarket, between Mango and Velure, which is well worth remembering, and analyzing too, from which some useful instruction may be extracted. What will the admirers of the English race horse—what will your Foreign Correspondent, in his admiration of a winner of the great St. Leger at Doncaster, say to the proof here exhibited of the powers and excellence and stoutness of an English race horse of the first water? Mango won the St. Leger (300 yards less than two miles) by sheer *game stoutness*, the peculiar characteristics of his sire and dam. From all accounts, the field was not remarkably strong, and one or two of the best lost their chances by accidents, but that course is considered the best test both of speed and stoutness of any in the kingdom; of course the winner of the great St. Leger is head of the list, at least until vanquished. Velure (if I mistake not) was in considerable force for the Oaks at Epsom in June last, but cut about as sorry a figure in that race as Mango did the day before in the Derby. Both have since run with various success, and now at length they meet in the same race of *two miles* at Newmarket, in which the winner of the St. Leger is defeated. Here are two of the most promising three year olds of the year, the filly 91 lb., the colt 105 lb., so completely run off their feet over a straight, easy course of *two miles*, that neither of them could make a decent showing again for the remainder of the season. But let us see what the papers say:—

The *Garden Stakes* of 100 each; T. M. M. Five subs.

Lord Exeter's *Velure*, 3 yrs. 6 st. 7 lb.	Pettit	1
Mr. Greville's Mango, 3 yrs. 7 st. 7 lb.	Rogers	2
Col. Peel's Castaway, 5 yrs. 8 st. 4 lb.	Pavis	3

Betting,—2 to 1 on Mango (taken to a considerable amount), 4 to 1 against Velure, and 9 to 2 against Castaway; very little done on the non favorites. Velure made the running at so strong a pace, that at the ditch Rogers, who was lying second, found it necessary to use the whip; by a vast deal of this unpleasant kind of persuasion he managed to keep within a length of the mare until near the cords, where, shrinking from the whip, outpaced, and tired, the winner of the St. Leger was forced to give way altogether, and to suffer a defeat of three lengths—more than equal to the difference of the weights. Castaway had no chance, and was stopped some distance from home. Velure was very much distressed, and could scarcely raise a gallop up the cords. Mango's state was infinitely worse; indeed, so completely was the "go" taken out of both, that a moderately good donkey could have run faster than either in the last hundred yards of the race.

What would our Napoleon say to such an exhibition of the white feather in his stable? Of what value would such cattle be in a repeating race? *Mem.*—The weights were not at great variance from those carried with us: 3 yr. old, 91—the winner of the St. Leger handicapped 105—5 yr. old, 116. 2d *mem.*—The race was won by "*three lengths—more than equal to the difference in weights,*" viz., 14 lbs. How is this to be reconciled to the rule that 7 lbs. are equal to a distance, 240 yards? In the absence of timing, or any other satisfactory means of comparison, it may be well enough to bear in mind the material particulars of such races when they reach us in authentic shape. It is from such sources that breeders and turfmen can alone make a proper estimate of the value of imported stock, and each will draw inferences from the facts in the light in which he may view them. Let it be especially remembered that the above was a contest between two crack nags of the year, the one bred by Mr. Thornhill, the owner of Emilius, and the other by the Marquis of Exeter, the owner of Sultan, the two highest priced animals in England, both of which cover at £50, equal to about $250, and both of which have got more winners, of the richest prizes, over the short courses of any other stallions of modern days. AMICUS.

Eastern Shore, Jan. 25, 1838.

MR. BOARDMAN'S BREEDING STUD.

We find in the Huntsville (Ala.) Democrat of the 13th instant, a list of the very extensive stud of ELIJAH W. BOARDMAN, ESQ., consisting principally of imported stock. It is the only establishment of the kind in the United States, and is conducted upon a scale so grand, both in regard to the extent, and the quality and value of its stock, as to rival the most celebrated studs in England.

The enterprise of Mr. Boardman we deem most commendable, and we cannot believe that it will be unrewarded. We know that it has long been the opinion of distinguished Northern turfmen, that our stock required renovating by draughts from England. In the last few years much has been done to supply this demand by the importation of English stallions; Mr. Boardman is the first to enter extensively upon the importation of brood mares. But few years will now be required to test satisfactorily the comparative merits of English and American stock in our favorite race of four mile heats. This is a subject on which breeders differ materially, and turfmen will at once appreciate the boldness of Mr. Boardman in staking so much capital in a breeding stud, the produce of which must unquestionably put at rest conclusively the long pending controversy.

We purpose returning to this subject again and again. We annex the list of Mr. B's stud, and trust it may yet be in good time to find a place in Mr. DAVIE'S Stud Book.

STALLIONS.

1. *Berner's Comus*, br. horse, bred by Col. Wilson, (present Lord Berners) in 1827. Got by Comus out of Rotterdam, (also bred by Col. Wilson, 1817), by Juniper; g. dam Spotless, by Walton; g. g. dam by Trumpator; g. g. g. dam by Highflyer.

2. *Consol*, bay horse, bred by Mr. G. Walker, in 1829; got by Lottery; dam a bay mare bred by Mr. Best in 1813, got by *Cerberus*; her dam, Merlin's dam, by Delpini—Tipple Cider, by King Fergus—Silvia, by Young Marske, &c. &c.

BROOD MARES.

1. *Adana*, chesnut mare, bred by Mr. Yates in 1832; got by *Sultan*, out of Rachel, by Whalebone—Gohanna mare, (dam of Moses, &c.)—Grey Skin, by Woodpecker, &c., &c.; covered in 1837 by Plenipotentiary.

2. *Amanda*, b. m. bred by the Duke of Grafton in 1828; got by Morisco, (son of Muley) out of Mantua, by Woful, &c., &c.; covered in 1837 by Actæon.

3. *Amina*, br. m. bred by Mr. Gardner in 1832; by Gaberlunzie, out of Luna, by Wanderer—Canopus—Teddy the-Grinder, &c.

4. *Albertazzi*, (late Fuga), ch. m. bred by Mr. Petit in 1829; by Partizan, out of Bravura, (dam of Kate Kearney) by Outcry, &c.; covered in 1837 by Recovery.

5. *Bay Mare*, bred by Mr. Wilson in 1822; got by Williamson's Ditto; her dam by Trumpator—Countess, by Sir Peter Teazle—Fame, by Pantaloon—Diomed's dam, &c., &c.; covered in 1837 by Consol.

6. *Bay Mare*, bred by Mr. Burgess in 1824; got by Woful, out of Allegretta, by Trumpator; g. dam Young Camilla, by Woodpecker, &c., &c.; covered by Consol.

7. *Bay Mare*, bred by Sir Thomas Stanley in 1833; got by Filho da Puta; dam by Rubens—out of the Hipped mare, by Meteor, &c., &c.; covered in 1837 by Stumps, son of Whalebone.

8. *Bay Mare*, bred by Mr. Poyntz in 1834; got by Sandbeck, (son of Catton) out of Ursula, by Cervantes—Fanny, by Sir Peter—Diomed, &c., &c.;—covered in 1837 by Buzzard, son of Blacklock.

9. *Bay Mare*, bred by R. Turner, Esq., in 1833; got by Olympus, (son of Blacklock) out of Caitacaratadadera, by Walton; g. d. by Pipator—Delpini—Herod, &c., &c.; covered in 1837 by Battledore, (son of Sir Oliver).

10. *Brown Mare*, bred by R. Turner, Esq., in 1834; got by Filho da Puta, out of The Nun, by Blacklock—Whisker—Orville, &c., &c.; covered in 1837 by Stumps.

11. *Chance*, ch. m. bred by Mr. Masson in 1832; got by Patron, (son of Partizan) out of Ramona, by Whisker; g. d. Lady Cramfeaser, by Stamford—Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy, &c., &c.; covered by Doctor Syntax in 1837.

12. *Chesnut Mare*, sister to Puss, bred by Mr. Mostyn in 1833; got by Teniers, (son of Rubens) out of Cora, by Peruvian—Alexander, &c., &c.; covered in 1837 by Muley Moloch.

13. *Chesnut Mare*, (sister to Fearnhurst) bred by W. R. Turner, Esq., in 1833; got by Peter Lely, (son of Rubens) out of Clinton's dam, by Comus—Camillus—Delpini, &c.; covered in 1837 by Velocipede, (son of Blacklock).

14. *Chesnut Mare*, bred by Sir Thomas Stanley in 1833; got by Battledore, (son of Sir Oliver) out of Mina, by Gen. Mina, (son of Camillus) out of Maid of Lorn, by Castrel—Richardson's Marske—Buckingham—Eclipse, &c. &c.;—covered in 1837 by Stumps.

15. Gabriella, ch. m. bred by the Duke of Grafton in 1820; got by Partizan, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews—Vanity, by Buzzard—Dabchick, by Pot-8-os, &c., &c.; covered in 1837 by Consol.

16. *Hope*, ch. m. bred by Mr. Rawlinson in 1826; got by Rubens; dam by Haphazard, out of Promise, (sister to Partizan) by Walton—Parasol, by Pot-8 os, &c. &c.; covered in 1837 by Consol.

17. *Miranda*, b. m. bred by Mr. Ryan in 1827; got by Woful; dam by Beningbrough, out of Blacklock's dam, by Coriander—Highflyer, &c.; covered in 1837 by Glaucus, (son of Partizan).

18. *Miss Golborne*, br. m. bred by R. Turner, Esq., in 1831; got by Lottery, out of The Nun, by Blacklock; g. d. by Whisker—Orville, &c., &c.; covered in 1837 by Langar, (son of Selim).

19. *Malibran*, ch. m. bred by Sir L. Glyn in 1830; got by Muley, (sire of Leviathan) out of Prima Donna, by Soothsayer—Tippitywitchet, (Camarine's g. d.) by Waxy, &c., &c.; covered in 1837 by Glaucus.

20. *Plenty*, br. m. bred by Mr. Thornhill in 1832; got by Emilius out of Mangel Wurzel, by Merlin, out of Morel, by Sorcerer, &c., &c.; covered in 1837 by Consol.

21. *Rachel*, ch. m. bred by Lord Jersey in 1829; got by Partizan, out of Fillagree, by Soothsayer—Web, by Waxy—Penelope, by Trumpator, &c., &c.

22. *Vamp*, br. m. bred by Lord Sligo in 1825; got by Langar out of Wire, (sister to Whisker, &c.) by Waxy—Penelope, by Trumpator—Prunella, by Highflyer, &c., &c.; covered in 1837 by Consol.

COLTS AND FOALS.

1. *Chesnut Colt*, bred by Lord Chesterfield in 1834; got by Priam; dam by Soothsayer; g. dam by Rubens, out of Pointer's dam, by Woodpecker; g. g. d. Gohanna's dam, by Herod, &c.

2. *Chesnut Colt*, bred by E. H. Boardman in 1836; by Actæon, out of Design, by Tramp; g. d. Defiance, by Rubens—Little Folly, by Highland Fling, &c., &c.

3. *Chesnut Colt*, bred by E. H. Boardman in 1836; by St. Patrick, out of Delight, by Reveller; g. d. Defiance, (dam of Design).

4. *Brown Colt* foal, bred by E. H. Boardman in 1837; got by St. Patrick, out of Plenty, by Emilius. (See brood mares above, No. 20).

5. *Chesnut Filly* foal, bred by E. H. Boardman in 1837; got by Consol, out of Vamp, by Langar. (See No. 22).

6. *Chesnut Filly*, foaled at Hampton Court (Eng.) in 1837; got by Belzoni, (son of Blacklock) out of Amanda, by Morisco. (See No. 2).

7. *Brown Filly*, foaled at Dawley (Eng). in 1837; got by Camel (son of Whalebone) out of Miranda, by Woful. (See No. 17.)

NATIVE STOCK.

1. *Sarah Bell*, ch. m. bred by Frederick Bell, Edgecombe county, North Carolina, in 1825; got by Sir Archie; dam by Gray Diomed; covered in 1837 by Consol.

HER PRODUCE.

1. ch. f. *Fanny Strong*, by Leviathan, foaled 1835.
2. ch. c. by Leviathan, " 1836.
3. ch. f. by Consol, " 1837.

Gray Filly, by Jerry, (son of Pacolet), dam by Quicksilver, son of imported Medley; foaled in 1835—(2 year old).

Ch. Filly, by Leviathan, dam by Tom Payne, (the dam of Molo)—foaled in 1836—(*yearling*).

Nearly the whole of these mares have been imported from England during the year 1837, expressly for the owner, to form an extensive breeding establishment of thorough-breds. They were selected principally by Mr. Richard Tattersall, with an eye as well to their stoutness or game qualities, their hardy and lasting constitution, as to the purity of their blood. In all these essential particulars they are deemed to be peculiarly adapted to the wants of this country. There is a variety of blood, of remote and approved crosses, presenting a combination of the stout and speedy strains, than can scarcely any where, even in England, be found in one stud. Notwithstanding the fatigues, the suffering and privations of a passage across the Atlantic, of 40 to 90 days, during which time many of them never lay down at all, and the subsequent long journey by land, with the change of climate, food and water, it is gratifying to know they are generally in fine condition, sound and healthy.

It is the object of the owner, as far as practicable, to supply turfmen with young things, *untried*, and breeders with mares and fillies for the establishment of new breeding studs of the purest blood, without subjecting them to the trouble and difficulty of selecting them abroad, and the risks, casualties, care and expense of importing, which it is extremely difficult for one who has not experience in it properly to appreciate. Indeed this part of the business is attended with so many casualties, that but few of those spirited gentlemen who have been engaged in importing English stock of late years, have brought any considerable number of *mares*. If with foal, as most of the above list are, they require still greater care and attention on the passage than the stallions, although the latter are so much more profitable to the importer. But the want of strictly thorough-bred mares, for increasing and improving the blood stock of the country, has long been felt both by breeders and turfmen, and this is the first attempt that has been made to supply that want; and we are happy to assure the public that at this time the prospect of complete success is most flattering.

[For the Kentucky Stock Book.]

Blood Stock of Lewis Smith, Gallatin Co., Kentucky.

1. *Mandane*, ch. m. foaled in 1829, bred by the late Horatio Turpin, by Pulaski, dam Marcella (the dam of Fanny Wright) by Sir Alfred, g. dam by Lucifer, g. g. dam (the dam of "Sir Hal") by Sir Harry, g. g. g. dam by imported Saltram.
2. *Pulaski*, by Herod, dam imported into Virginia from England just after the close of the late war.
3. *Herod*, by Old Diomed, dam by imported Shark.
4. *Sir Alfred*, by Sir Harry.
5. *Lucifer*, by Dare Devil, dam by Bel Air, g. dam by imported Medley.
6. *Sir Harry*, by Sir Peter Teazle.

PRODUCE OF MANDANE.

1834. Ch. f. *Duck West*, by Vespasius, property of James Smith.
1835. Ch. f. *Julia Dumont*, by McDuffie.
1836. B. c. *Noah Noble*, by McDuffie.
1837. B. f. *Lobelia*, by imported Sarpedon.

STINTED TO WOODPECKER.

7. *Dillworth*, ch. c. foaled in 1835, by Lance, dam the dam of Fanny Wright, as above. LEWIS SMITH.

GEORGIA RAGATTA.

The Second Annual Regatta of the Aquatic Club at Georgia was held here on Tuesday last. The day was extremely fine, which permitted the attendance of a large number of ladies. The Augusta Clubs did not accept the invitation given them and therefore the superiority of the two classes of boats has not been determined. This was a severe disappointment to the gentlemen of the sea-board, for from the nature of the challenge offered to the Augusta gentlemen, it was confidently expected they would accept some of the many conditions of racing. But though the presence of the Wave and Minerva, would have added to the enjoyment of the day, still much pleasure was derived from the races between the canoes of the members of the Aquatic Club.

The first race was between the Goddess of Liberty and the Devil's Darning Needle. The former was decidedly the favorite—indeed, she had been for a long time the reigning belle of our waters, and has distanced many suitors in her day. But even a coquette's reign must have an end, and she was compelled to resign herself to a black-a-moor, with a skin as dark as Othello's, but who, aided by the advantages of the eddy, fairly overcame her. The Darning Needle ran the half mile in 3 minutes, 56 seconds, against the tide, coming out nearly three lengths ahead of his fair companion. They had four oars each, the full complement of the Needle, but two less than belong to the Goddess. It is but matter of justice as well as politeness, to say that with an open field and equal advantages the Goddess will yet blast the hopes of many a dashing buck. We regret that the time of the other races was not recorded, as several were made in less time.

The second race was between the Goddess, who, nothing daunted, was again on the ground, and the Leopard—both full oared, six against six. The Goddess was victorious, beating by about four lengths.

The third race was between the Leopard, with six oars, and the Emma Sarah with eight. This was the most hardly fought contest. The latter boat took the lead, and bid fair to escape her fierce pursuer, but one of her oars gave way, yet she struggled desperately, and was only beaten by half a length. These two were not built for racing, but are very superior plantation boats. The Leopard is a very beautiful model, and is the result of the new spirit which has been excited by the formation of the Club.

The purse was run for by the Thos. F. Bryan and the Caroline King—and won by the former. The Bryan is a ten oared boat, and when fully manned, actually flies through the water; it is no disgrace for any boat to be defeated in such a contest. The Caroline had six and the Bryan eight oars, two less than each carries. The latter boat is built more like the Whitehall wherries, being pointed at both ends. Though defeated, the gentleman who built her, offered to race against any other boat that could be produced.

The Lizzard was on the ground, but was thought too slippery a customer, and was not allowed even to creep over the race-course. He is ready to give the wherries a race whenever they feel disposed.

In the evening, as the steamer Florida was leaving the wharf, the Caroline King, with a madcap for a coxswain, struck out into the stream for a race, and actually beat her bulky competitor for the distance of a quarter of a mile; but steam never tires, while muscles and sinews will at last wear out. The Caroline was at length obliged to desist, but not till she had fairly won the victory.

The Bryan was purchased immediately after the race, by a planter on the Savannah river, and the pride of the Club is to be transferred to another State. We have no doubt that the builder will, at the next Regatta, bring out one even superior.

At four o'clock, the Club, with their guests, to the number of fifty or sixty, sat down to an elegant dinner prepared by Mr. Davis, at the Oglethorpe House, and the evening was spent in the due observance of the rites of conviviality and good fellowship.

The effect of the Club is not simply confined to the improvement of the *breed* of boats—it serves to bring the gentlemen of the seaboard together more frequently than formerly, and thus promotes the growth of that friendship which naturally springs up among men engaged in the same pursuits. Living as they do at a great distance from each other, some such association is needed to bring them together occasionally, and revive the feelings which otherwise imperceptibly grow dull. We do not by any means agree with that class of moralists, who deem amusements detrimental to the cause of good morals. On the contrary, we look on them as among the best promoters of social virtues—of those qualities, which if they do not make saints, make what is much better, kind neighbors, warm friends and good livers.

At some future time, when we are in a more moralizing mood, we intend to inflict on our readers a grave essay on the moral influence of amusements, and it shall go hard if we do not convince some of them, that balls, races, theatres, and all other meetings of the kind, are necessary to a cheerful and well regulated state of society. At present we will only wish success to the AQUATIC CLUB OF GEORGIA.

Brunswick Advocate.

CANADIAN SLEIGH-DRIVERS—A CARIOLE RACE.

A WINTER SKETCH ON THE ICE-BRIDGE, QUEBEC.*

> "Atonce the coursers from the barrier bound;
> The lifted scourges all at once resound;
> Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before;
> And up the champaign thunder from the shore!"
>
> * * * * *
>
> "Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
> And, turned too short, he tumbled on the strand." POPE'S HOMER.

We next come upon a groupe, near that green booth with the flaming yellow pennon, which may well match aught of the picturesque in animated effect to be found in other climes; and so indeed thinks that busy artist near them, with his little table, and camera lucida at work, and making the most of the scene around. A number of carters, or, perhaps, more properly to be termed, in unison with the season, sleigh-drivers, are congregated together, and with noisy, but good-humored vociferation, descanting on the merits, and speed in particular, of their several horses. They have come upon the ice with their carioles to ply for hire; and in the meantime, while waiting for fares, are ready to test the comparative swiftness of their hardy Norman steeds. A race will certainly be the result of all this gasconading before many minutes have passed over.

Their grotesquely painted leather coats, and gaudy *ceintures*, or girdles, hairy caps, russet-looking moccasin-boots, and never-forgotten bauble-decked pipe. All are in strange keeping with their peculiar vocation, and the constant companionship they hold with their rough-coated and mettlesome horses, now standing so quietly near. These last, with the white frost-flakes speckling their shaggy breasts and hides, long icicles pendant from their muzzles, their harness covered with rows of bells, and party colored ribbons flying in gay *bouquets*, or flashing top-knots from their thick plated bridles,—the carioles behind, with their shining paint and bright fantastic bordering, half filled with the warm ample robes of brown buffalo hide, altogether add to the novelty of the strange picture, and in which they seem to be grouped in skilful position too for effect, though all an accident. And then the varied action of those saucy, smart looking fellows; some seated on the side of their sleighs, carelessly smoking their short pipes, others in violent gesticulation, arguing some matter of horse-flesh with a brother *chartier*, brandishing and cracking their thick whips;—one stooping fellow is continually examining his horse's sharpened shoeing,—another fixing his steed's bridle more carefully on, or altering the position of his collar of bells, or perhaps tickling and teasing the vicious animal into tricks of grimace, and to snap or kick at all near him. Farther on, you may also observe two knowing fellows at work with the restless muzzle of a venerable poney, whose mouth-mark seems to be of doubtful or dishonest origin.

A sudden bustle agitates the throng, and as we predicted, a race is about to take place between two rival heroes of the whip, and who also farther bear the additional distinction in the city of being the two most consummate rascals of their fraternity. One will not doubt this latter fact when the eye dwells a moment on the little, crook-backed [illegible] with the leering grin and sinister physiognomy, as he nimbly jumps upon the front seat of his vehicle, gathers up the reins, and flourishes the whip over his now prancing iron-grey. His opponent, that lean, lank-sided ruffian, with but one eye in his frontispiece, and that eternally winking, the peak of his wolf-skin cap knowingly turned to the back of his head, and the bowl of his pipe downward, all adding to the vile humor of the scoundrel's features; he, too, is mounted in similar position to the other, and ready for the starting word. A moment's pause—the expected "ho!" is bellowed forth, and away they go, with a chorus of wild shouting hurras behind them. They recklessly dash into the crowd, which, well used to such "devil-may-care" kind of intrusions, opens on the instant a ready course for them, and as quickly closes again when they are past. And the ringing of their harness-bells—the hollow thunder of their steel-shod carioles speeding over the sounding ice—the grating swing of the shafts—the sharp clicking noise of the well-armed hoof in its quick bounding—the shrill, screaming halloo, and the loud cracking of the ceaseless whip, intermingled with the yelping howl of some hapless dog they have run over—alike attract the ear as well as the eye to the furious course of the fearless competitors. They are to turn in wheeling circuit round that far marquee, and retrace their track to the place of starting ere the victory is decided. Lee, the cripple, is first to that turn, and with a bound the horse is round the tent; but treacherous glare ice is there, and the swing of the cariole has proved too powerful for the good animal to master in that jerking sweep—he is carried off his legs, and man, steed, and vehicle, in one confused heap, slide sideling on the slippery course for yards. But the hunchback is real game—he recovers himself in an instant; and applying the lash well into his floundering and kicking horse, the "gallant grey" springs up with a desperate bound on his legs, and dashes off on his return. "Richard's himself again;" he thunders back over the icy plain, amid the cheering and deafening plaudits of the thousands witnessing the feat, and comes "handsomely in" to the winning-post, cutting no trifle of a figure that same crook backed dwarf, with his elf-locks streaming in the wind (having lost his cap in the fall at the turn), and his mis-shapen carcase perched up so oddly on the seat of his sleigh. His antagonist has had scarcely better luck than himself at the wheeling point; for his cariole caught the gear of an apple-stall on his blind side, causing his horse to shy through the ring formed around a cock-fight, and thus putting a summary stopper on the battle and sport. The abettors and participators in this last—at least, the effective survivors of the outrage—in revenge, have so severely pelted with frozen lumps of snow that one-eyed vagabond, as to bung up his "best and only" orb of vision, and demolish his pipe, even to the stump clenched fast in his teeth; and it is this mishap which has given his rival the means and time of successful recovery from the fall. As he comes in at a dogged canter, he is saluted with a burst on all sides of wild yells and contemptuous hooting; and see, to complete his discomfiture, just as he opens his mouth in attempted and angry vindication of his misfortune, some arch urchin in the deriding crowd dexterously fills it with a well-directed snow-ball, which drives the fragment of the pipe-shank down his throat, and tumbles him over from his roost on the cariole front upon the top of a savage Newfoundlander, who with a fellow is tackled tandem fashion to a juvenile "drag." Both the dogs fall to work at once upon the poor wretch, fastening fiercely upon both scalp and ears; and it is only after a furious onset from the bystanders of scrambling, kicking, and dragging, that he is extricated in a most dilapidated state of body from the clutches of those Labrador-bred devils, and borne off to some near "refuge for the destitute," in the shape of a rum-selling-booth, where "mine host" plays the good Samaritan, not by pouring oil into his wounds, but whiskey down his throat, and with such proper effect, that an hour after finds the half-blind scoundrel the "gayest of the gay" among his fellows on the icy course, and rife and ready for any and everything in the shape of merriment or rascality.

Quebec, Jan., 1838. J. H. W.

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* As it appeared in the winter of 1837.

LETTER FROM PETE WHETSTONE.

DEVIL'S FORK OF LITTLE RED, Dec. 30, 1837.

My Dear Mr. Editor,—Pete's in a passion—the way his dander is up is nothing to nobody. I have just heard from Batesville, that some of the people are mad about that letter what I writ you about my trip to the Springs, way last summer. If any body says I meant a slur on any body, he tells a big lie, and what's more, I'll thrash the ticks off him in a minit, if I can find him out. I know how it is come about. Ever since I talked of leaving the Devil's Fork, and settling in Independence, the Van Burenites have been trying to injure me. I reckon I guess I know who they are, although, while they are cutting deep, they stand mighty far from the blood. One of them tried *twenty-seven* times hand running to get in the Legislature. He got in once—next to his partner, he is the greatest man, in his way, west of White river. He is a perfect thing—lays *two eggs* every day—on Sunday *three*, and occasionally drops a *nutmeg*.

Pete would look well making fun of people who treated him as well as they did at the Springs—besides, Pete has been on the Devil's Fork these twelve years, and is real Arkansas every inch of him.

I will start over to Batesville to-morrow, and I'll make some of them smell a worse smell than the Kentuckian did.

Well, I have had one bear fight since I come back—it wan't much of a fight—Jim's pack nailed in half an hour's run, and pinned it so close that Jim killed it with his butcher knife. It was an old she, not very fat, but tolerable eating. There is but little frost this year, and bear will be scarce, except in spots—the way deer and turkeys are fat is a caution—they always thrive best when there is but little *acorn mast*.

We are to have a big quarter race on New Year's Day, 'twixt the *Biling Pot* and the *Chawed Bullet*. Jim Cole and Dan Looney made it—they carry 100lbs. on each. The Devil's Fork chaps are going it with a rush on the Biling Pot, though from what I can learn, the Chawed Bullet picks it up like mice a-fighting. I am persuading Jim to pay the forfeit, for the Biling Pot gets so full of wild cats and vinegar, that there is no dependence in him—but Jim won't listen to me, for he says he's a mighty man to bet on horse racing.

Ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

St. Francisville, La., Races.—The report which we find in our exchange papers of these late races is so unsatisfactory, that we will not insert it at present. The sport appears to have been poor, and one paper informs us that there was no competitor at all for the purses.

Centreville Course,—We call attention to friend Conklin's Sweepstakes over this course, advertised in another column. It will be observed that Joel enters the lists with the racing folks, and offers inducements that we should suppose would be sure to fill his stakes. His trotting stakes, too, look right, with a display of like liberality on the part of the Proprietor,—he adding fair Purses to the amount of the stakes. We are glad to be informed that these also promise to fill well. If so, the amounts to be won will be well worth trotting for.

The following colts have arrived in Alabama, and go into the stables of Messrs. Tayloe & Johnson:—

Oakley, b. c., foaled 1834, and bred by Benjamin Ogle, Esq.; got by Timoleon, out of Veronica by Sir James, grandam Maria by Walnut (the grandam of Monboddo)—Gray Diomed—Medley.

Colt by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Trafalgar, grandam Sally Slouch, by Virginian.

Chess.—A match is now being played at Bassford's Chess and Billiard Club Room, City Saloon Buildings, between the New York and Washington City Chess Clubs, consisting of two games, played simultaneously, in which the following moves have been made:—

FIRST GAME.

N. Y.—King's pawn two squares.
W.—The same.
N. Y.—King's bishop to Queen's bishop, 4th square.
W.—The same.

SECOND GAME.

W.—King's pawn two squares.
N. Y.—The same.
W.—King's knight to bishop's 3d square.
N. Y.—Queen's knight to bishop's 3d square.
W.—Queen's pawn two squares.

FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, January 23, 1838.

SIR—The following English Hunting Song was repeated to me, by one who knows it to have existed nearly a century ago; and although it may not be ancient enough to appear dignified to the critical eyes of "Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq.," or the "Rev. Dr. Dryasdust," I thought, on hearing it, that it might not be uninteresting to some of your readers. That, however, is a point on which you must take the trouble to decide. The song would be no bad adjunct to the "Love Chase," judging from your remarks on the latter.

The sun from the East tips the mountains with gold,
And the meadows, bespangled with dew-drops, behold;
The lark's early matins proclaim the new day,
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay.

CHORUS.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
Whilst, jocund, we follow the hounds in full cry.

Mankind are all hunters of various degree;—
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Though often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.
With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, while the soldier hunts fame;
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
And the artful coquette, though she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.
With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy, hunt glory and wealth!
All the blessing *we* ask, is the blessing of health:
With hounds and with horns through the woodland to roam,
And when tired abroad, find contentment at home.
With the sports, &c.

MISSISSIPPI BLOODS.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Jan. 8, 1838.

Mr. Editor,—As your valuable paper is always open to articles of sporting intelligence, and as I have never written to you, I take this opportunity of sending you a few lines. I have heard of your being here, and regret that I was not at home, as I should have been glad to scrape acquaintance with you.

Our Jockey Club races have ended, if races they may be called. Why the turfmen all along shore, from above and below, don't patronise our course, is a matter of surprise. We offer them fair inducements to visit us, but it's "no go with 'em," and we begin to think that, not having much confidence in their cattle, they are afraid to come.

Although the ball is over, there is yet to be seen from 20 to 25 nags in exercise, sweating brushing, and running. We have had of late several match-races for large amounts, and not a few yet to come, from a quarter up to three miles. Mr. L. Coch is here with a string of several; among them is Twilight, a daughter of Sir Charles, the fleetest of the fleet. Then Pitcher & Davidson have also a number, with Lucy Benton at their head. Mr. Newby, from Tennessee, is here, with one or two of the short order, and comes out to the public in a voice like distant thunder, and says he has the heart to bet, and can beat anything that wears hair, one quarter of a mile, for One Thousand Dollars. Messrs. Nickols & Harden are in attendance, with a full stable of "none-such." The old veteran, Col. Bob Smith, will be here to-morrow, with his forces. And, though last not least, Rosin the Bow, the winner of the two mile purse, and one or two others, are on the ground, in charge of Mr. David Palmer, all looking ripe for mischief. He has also in his stable, a little 'un, but a rum 'un to go, that has a match against Lucy Benton, $1200 a-side, three miles out, to come off on the 13th of this month. The betting at this stage of the game is 2 and 3 to 1 on the horse. Although no prophet, I will venture to predict he *lambs* her, but you shall hear the result.

By way of keeping up the sport, the proprietor is about getting up some purses, to be run for the last of this month. They will be as follows:—

First day, Mile heats, Purse	$150
Second day, Two mile heats	200
Third day, Three mile heats	300
Fourth day, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, Proprietor's Purse	150

Our friend Root, at the Club House, has on hand every thing a hungry or thirsty man could wish for—our woods are alive with deer—our lakes are full of a variety of the best fish, and, with them, Root's table is well supplied. Our small, but greatly growing city is crammed with people, and presents the most business like appearance of any town on the big drink, and all is bustle and stir for miles around.

Our Theatre is doing a big business—the house is crowded every night.

In looking over your last Spirit, I see that Zoloe, of Kentucky, has gone down to New Orleans. I understand he took with him some of his Kentucky cracks. It is said that

Zoloe is all sorts of a fellow,
But he'll have to hoe a wide row,
Or he will go home Extio.

In haste, your friend, OSEOLA.

The Harpers have just published a new tale by Bulwer, entitled Leila, or The Siege of Grenada. 'Tis a most beautiful story, but before this line is printed, all our readers will no doubt have devoured the book,

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

THE DERBY.

Another dull day, with few changes of consequence. The Cobweb colt has been backed in good quarters at 10½ to 1, and is not unlikely to catch d'Egville before another month is past, 9½ to 1 having been repeatedly offered against the latter. The Early Bird and Grey Momus are in request—business, however, is so slack, that very little has been got on of late. No change in any of the 20 to 1 horses. Cracker cannot be quoted at more than 32 to 1; 40 to 1 was betted to a pony on Monday, but the general offers agst. him do not exceed what we have stated. We subjoin the prices on Monday, nothing having been done since to render a double quotation necessary:—

9½ to 1 ag	——	D'Egville	————
10½ — 1 —	(tk)	Cobweb	————
16 — 1 —	——	The Early Bird	————
18 — 1 —	(tk)	Grey Momus	————
20 — 1 —	——	Cobham	————
20 — 1 —	——	Nonplus	————
22 — 1 —	(tk)	Young Rowton	————
33 — 1 —	——	Cracker	————
35 — 1 —	——	Tranby's Dam	————
40 — 1 —	(tk)	Mone Adam	————
45 — 1 —	(tk)	Bullion	————
2000 — 30 —	(tk)	Brother to Aleppo	————
500 — 50 —	(tk)	Young Rowton and Nonplus	————
500 — 25 —	(tk)	Mone Adam and Tranby's dam	————

Bell's Life in London, Dec. 10, 1837.

NESTON (CHESHIRE) STEEPLE-CHACES.

The first Neston steeple-chace came off on Wednesday, two miles over a circular course, going twice round, and ending at the winning post, on the race-course. There were thirty-six fences, with two stone walls, and an awkward narrow lane to be taken four times, which was a poser, almost every horse falling in or out of it, from the drop into it being so great, and the immense height of the fence out of it. The start took place at half-past one, when the following horses appeared at the post:—

Mr. M'Donough's ch. h. Sir William	Owner.
Mr. William's ch. g. The Disowned	Mr. Becher.
Mr. Charles Stanley's gr. g. Taffy	Mr. Humphrey
Mr. Tempest's ch. g. Bilk	Capt. Tuthill.

Sir William took the lead at a tremendous pace, followed by The Disowned, the other two a long way behind, not being able to live the pace. After going three quarters of a mile, The Disowned, who is a tremendous puller, broke away, and passed Sir William, rushing at his fences in a frightful manner, and the only thing his rider could do was to sit still and steer him, holding him being quite out of the question. On arriving the second time at the race-course, The Disowned and Sir William both refused the fence, which enabled Sir William to take a trifling lead to the lane, when Sir William fell in going out, and threw his rider heavily, who, on rising, made three attempts before he could remount. The Disowned, from being so close to Sir William when he fell, jumped over both horse and rider; here Bilk fell, and broke down. The Disowned still kept the lead, running away at a racing pace, doing his fences very cleverly till the last lane, where his rider for the first time got a pull at him, and eased him into a trot, as he was at this time very much blown. Sir William now made his appearance, and as soon as The Disowned saw Sir William close at him, he dashed off, trotting him when any horse ran up to him being impossible. They continued in this position till three fences from home. Sir William and The Disowned contested every inch of ground, taking their fences side by side till the last fence, where, for the first time, the Disowned fell, and, being but three hundred yards from the winning post, his chance was out, leaving Sir William an easy winner. The Disowned's fall was occasioned by his feet coming in contact with a stump in the fence, Mr. Becher's foot hanging in the stirrup for a short distance; but, fortunately, the spur-buckle broke and released him from his perilous situation; he was, however, so much hurt as to be unable to ride The Fop in the second race; as was the case with Mr. M'Donough, who received a severe contusion on the temple.

ON RIFLE CARTRIDGES.

[To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.]

Sir—In requesting your obliging insertion of my present, although homely, communication, I throw myself on your love of justice, convinced also that a striplin's many defects are sure of leniency at your hands, when hazarded to defend a father's claim! In perusing your entertaining journal of the 3d inst., I perceived that you recommend to the Army's notice a Rifle Cartridge, as a novelty invented by Mr. A. Margary! Allow me to refer you to page 90 of my father's work—"Helps and Hints how to Protect Life, Property, &c." He there says—"Anxious to obviate the objections to which the employ of riflemen to the purposes of warfare are exposed, I invented a Rifle Cartridge, of a novel and desirable kind; for it had a patched ball, and was free from glue and paper. I practised twice with them previous to my displaying their use before a large concourse of spectators, many of them Noblemen and Officers of high rank, at Montpelier Shooting Ground, in 1811 or 1812; and where, rapidly loading my rifle with my own Patched Ball Cartridges, and without any help whatever, I fired at a mark as often as seventeen times in three minutes." Whether there is any, or what difference between Mr. A. Margary's and my father's Rifle Cartridge remains to be ascertained; whilst this much is certain, that my father's is infinitely superior to any used before he displayed his own: that he is the Original inventor of that important "Help" to the service, and that he has the start of Mr. A. Margary by at least twenty-five years, the present Marquis of Hertford, and several General Officers, then present, and still living, can confirm.—Wherefore, relying on your fondness of fair play, as much as I do on your liberality, I make quite sure that you will assist me in maintaining his claim to priority at any rate, assuring you, that I can prove that many of his inventions have been published by others as their own. AUGUSTUS DE BERENGER.

Stadium, Cremorne-house, Chelsea, Dec. 5th, 1837.

Doncaster Races.—A sad blundering mistake has occurred in the Doncaster Town Council, owing to the elections in the preceding month for seven new members, and who it appears are not eligible to hold their situations, and thus rendering the acts of the Council null and void, owing to the misconstruction of the Act, Victoria I., c. 78, sec. 12. The body, nevertheless, met on Monday last, but owing to the informality alluded to, nothing of a definite character was arranged. The only point was the ensuing races. The Town Clerk read a letter which had been received from Mr. Lockwood, the clerk of the course, stating that the period was now so near at hand, at which the subscriptions to several of the stakes were closed, viz., the 1st of January, that it would be convenient if he were informed what sum of money would be allowed by the Council for the races for the ensuing year. It was always customary to advertise the stakes, and this also rendered it necessary that he should know the amount.—The letter concluded by an enumeration of the various stakes which were closed on the 1st of January, and in which sums had been added by the Corporation.—The Mayor said, there might be a question as to the eligibility of the Council, at present, to vote any money, but he should leave it to them to decide. The meeting separated without coming to any fixed conclusion, or deciding any point respecting the ensuing contributions to the races.

An extraordinary course was run at Epsom on Thursday. Two dogs belonging to members of the Amicable Club, were slipped at a hare near the warren; puss bore away to the right for a considerable distance, was then turned, and brought back to the bottom, where she was turned repeatedly, a third dog having joined in the chace; she then went right away up the course to Tattenham corner, and thence to the grand stand, about which time the two dogs first slipped laid down from distress; the third continued in pursuit for a minute or two after, and gave up, puss having run into a hedge and unsighted him. On the spectators riding up to the hedge the poor animal was found dead—she had beaten her pursuers, and died broken-hearted. The course is supposed to have exceeded three miles.

On Tuesday week a race came off over six hurdles, four feet six inches high, two miles round Pontefract course, to carry 12st. (gentlemen riders), between Mr. Bentley's brown horse The Unknown, 5 yrs., ridden by Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Holroyd's brown horse The Weed, 6 yrs., ridden by Mr. Stansfield. The race was highly interesting till they came to the fifth hurdle, when the Weed (justly so called) could not stand the severity of the pace, struck the hurdle, and threw his rider a very severe fall. Mr. Stansfield was completely stunned, but is now fast recovering. The Unknown had it entirely his own way, and, independently of the accident, would have won in a common canter.

Francis M'Nab, Esq., of M'Nab.—The laird was a regular attendant on the Leith races, at which he usually appeared in a rather flashy-looking gig. On one of these occasions he had the misfortune to lose his horse, which suddenly dropped down dead. At the races in the following year, a wag, who had witnessed the catastrophe, rode up to him and said, "M'Nab, is this the same horse you had last year?" "No," replied the laird, "but this is the same whip;" and he was about to apply it to the shoulders of the querist, when he saved himself by a speedy retreat.

Canine Fancy.—Charles Moorby's red dog Rufus, is open to fight Mr. Jas. Cockshott's, of Skipton, white dog Keeper, and give him a pound for five pounds, or upwards. Rufus will fight 45 or 46lbs.

An enormous sturgeon was the object of much admiration on Friday week at a fish warehouse behind the General Post Office. It was purchased by some loyal citizens and forwarded to the Queen.

A foot race of 150 yards, for 25*l.* a side, between Jonathan Denby, of Bradford, the Bradford Eagle, and Ned Marsden, of Lindley, or Ned Parrett, will take place on Lindley Moor, on the 11th inst.

BORES.

One of the annoying peculiarities of bores is, to select the moment of relating some stupid anecdote, or for asking some silly question, when a witty, instructive, or interesting conversation is going on, to which one is desirous of listening. A particular instance of this vexatious propensity once annoyed me excessively; it occurred at a dinner given by my late worthy friend, Sir William Garrow.

"Pray, tell us," said he to a man who sat near him, "that adventure of your's in the wine vaults at Lincoln's Inn, of which I heard a garbled account the other day."

I, who always liked an adventure, pricked up my ears at the sound; and the individual thus questioned, commenced the following story.

"A friend of mine went to Madeira in an official situation, some years ago. He speculated largely in wine, and sent home several pipes, to be kept until his return. He wrote to request me to find them safe anchorage; and I, in consequence, applied to a friend, a barrister, to procure me permission to lodge the wine in the vast cellars of Lincoln's Inn-square. I was furnished with a key, that I might have ingress and egress to this sombre spot when I liked; and having one day a vacant hour in my chambers, it suddenly entered into my head that I would go and inspect the wine *depot* of my absent friend. Armed with the key, I sallied forth, and engaged the first porter I met to procure a candle, and accompany me to the cellar. You are not, perhaps, aware that these vast vaults are twenty feet beneath the square, and the entrance to them many feet, I believe one hundred and fifty, removed from any dwelling, or populous resort.—We entered the gloomy cavern, and locked the door on the inside to prevent any idle person who might, by chance, pass that way, from taking cognizance of the treasure it concealed. So great was the extent of the vault, that our feeble light scarcely enabled us to grope our way through its mirky regions; but, at length, we reached the spot where I knew the wine of my friend was deposited, and had the satisfaction of finding that the pipes were in perfect condition. We were preparing to return, when the porter who held the candle, made a false step, and was precipitated to the earth, extinguishing the light in his fall. Never shall I forget the sensation I experienced at that moment! for the extent and tortuous windings of the vault impressed me with a rapid conviction of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of discovering the door. The alarmed porter declared in terror, that we were lost, invariably lost, that he should never see his wife and children more, and cursed the hour he left the light of day to explore the fearful cave that would now become his tomb—a tomb on which no fond eye would dwell; and he cried aloud in an agony of despair, at his gloomy contemplation. I urged him to restrain his useless lamentations, and seek to grope our way in the direction of the door; and after having occupied full two hours in fruitlessly wandering through as many devious windings as if in a labyrinth, we at length discovered the object of our search. 'Oh, God be thanked, God be thanked!' exclaimed the porter, with frantic joy, 'then I shall again see my wife, and my little ones!' and he seized the key, which was in the lock, and turned it with such force that it snapped, the head remaining inextricably secure in the wards. 'Now, we are indeed lost!' cried he, throwing himself on the ground; 'all hope is at an end, for we might knock and scream here for ever, without being heard. Why did I come with you? It is plain you are an unlucky man, whoever you are, and your ill-fortune falls on me.' I tried to comfort him, though seriously alarmed myself; but he only became angry, telling me I could be no father or husband, to talk so cooly at such a moment, and with a certain prospect of death by famine staring us in the face. 'Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!' cried he, starting up in terror, 'the rats are gathered round; they will devour us before hunger has done its worst!' I have, all my life, had a peculiar antipathy to these animals; and confess that, when I found them stumbling over my feet, and heard them running at every side, an increased shudder of horror and fear filled my blood. 'Let us stave in one of the wine-pipes,' said my companion, 'that we may forget, in the excitement of wine, the horrible death that awaits us. Yes, let us get drunk!' I refused to adopt this project; and my refusal again drew forth his reproaches on my being an unlucky man, and his conviction that I had no heart in my body, as he expressed it, or no wife and little ones expecting me at home, or I would not take matters so easy. How many thoughts did I give to the dear objects to whom he referred, as I now dwelt with anguish on the fearful probability of my never again beholding them! We searched in vain for a stone or any other implement with which to wrench the lock or force the hinges, both of which resisted all our efforts. Hour after hour passed away. How interminably long appeared their flight! the silence only broken by the mingled reproaches and lamentations of my companion, and the increased noise of the rats, who now, becoming more courageous, assailed our feet. Each hour strengthened my conviction of our inevitable death in this horrible subterranean, where, probably, our mortal remains would not be discovered until every trace of identity was destroyed by the ravenous reptiles around us. My blood ran cold at the reflection, and my heart melted at the thought of them who were, doubtless, at that moment anxiously counting the hours of my unusual absence. I seized the arm of my companion, and ——"

Here one of the company, proverbial for his obtuseness, and who repeatedly attempted to interrupt the narrative, seized my button, and in a loud voice said—"How do you think, Jekyl, I should have got out."

"You would have *bored* your way out, to be sure," answered I, impatient at the interruption, and more so, as at this instant, the butler announced that the ladies were waiting tea for us. I ascended to the drawing-room fully intending to request the sequel of the story; but a succession of airs on the piano, accompanied by the voices of the ladies, precluded the possibility of conversation. In a few days after, I met some of the party, and questioned them respecting the conclusion. One declared that he had forgotten all about the story; another said that it had set him off to sleep, and so he missed the *denouement;* a third avowed that he was deaf in the left ear, he had not heard more than a few words; and a fourth told me that, a tiresome man next him took that opportunity of giving him the particulars of a county meeting, as detailed in the morning papers, not omitting a single line. Consequently, to this hour, I am ignorant how the gentleman and porter escaped from the vault! Lady Blessington.

EXTRACTS FROM A WORK ON ETIQUETTE.

BY JACK JORROCKS.

"*Behave thyself pratty, dom thee!*"—Mr. Jorrocks favored us with a call the other day, and submitted to our inspection the new blue coat, black velvet waistcoat, and pair of white-cord smalls, which he intends to sport at the Lord Mayor's feast on the 9th of November, and which he was just carrying home from a tip-top tailor's in Bond-street. As the maids of honor said of the sheriffs' footmen's liveries, the new garments of the old worthy are "truly superb," and will render him easy to be distinguished at the approaching grand entertainment. Mr. Jorrocks informed us that he had lately been engaged in the diligent study of a work on etiquette, lent him by one of the deputies of his ward, in order that he might acquit himself with the grace of a courtier at Guildhall on the 9th of November; and wishing to be of service to others who may attend the dinner, but who never may have seen the book—which is very scarce—he has kindly sent us the following extracts:—

THE MAN OF MANNERS—HIS BEHAVIOUR AT TABLE.

"When a dish of meat is served up, he must take care that his jaws discover no eagerness to enjoy it, nor by any ravenous gesture expose the keenness of his appetite; he must even seem indifferent about eating, and take care to keep his eyes from the viands, and not ogle them like a tailor's in-door apprentice when he passes by a cook-shop.

"A person required to do the honors of the table should carefully avoid those stupid, and almost worn-out phrases, viz., 'Come, fall too, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse;' and, 'Who can think of a cuckold,' &c.

"He must keep his body straight upon his chair, and not lay his elbows upon the table, like a church warden in a parish vestry.

"Care must likewise be had of reaching over the dishes with our arms, to come at another we like better, as at a parish dinner.

"We must cut our meat into small pieces, and not take them too big into our mouths, that they may make our cheeks stick out, like those of the forty Blue coat boys of Christ's Hospital with apples and gingerbread, when they are presented at court on a New Year's day.

"Be cautious of sopping in the dish, or carrying your meat to the salt-celler every mouthful; we must rather take the salt upon the point of our knives, and the same in a spoon and lay them both upon our plates.

"There is nothing more unbecoming than to lick one's fingers, knife, spoon, or fork, to wipe one's plate with bread or one's fingers, or to drink up the sauce or gravy, none of which can be done but with the derision of the whole company, except at a half feast on a Lord Mayor's day.

"It savors too much of familiarity to sip our wine, and make two or three draughts of a glass; we must drink it gravely at once, with our eyes in the glass, not leering about the room, like a felon, when he is brought up by habeas corpus to a judge's chambers.

"We must have a care, after we have drunk, of fetching any loud sighs, as if our breath was gone in the draught, like a 'prentice when he comes on a message to his master at an alehouse.

"It is become allowable at all polite tables to wash one's mouth, or gargle after meals: though very uncivil to pick one's teeth with the knife or fork, because it looks like a Lyons-Inn lawyer at the end of his dinner, in the long vacation."

The book from which these extracts are taken is entitled "*The* Warwick *Man of Manners, or Plebeian Polished.*" London, printed for J. Roberts, Lane, 1737, price one shilling. The following passage Mr. Jorrocks says he copied from the preface:—

"It is a shocking thing in so rich, opulent, and polite a city as this is, to see an over-grown citizen waddle out of a church or a meeting-house, equipped in the very best that nature and art can produce, and wealth purchase, turning in his toes like a master of a ship, and tossing his arms up and down like a fire-office porter when he walks in procession to a quarterly feast; and to have nothing but proud, haughty, and insolent looks to merit the esteem of his neighbors." London (New) Sporting Magazine.

Salmagundi.

Somnambulist's Vision.—One day when the celebrated somnambulist, Mr. ——, was being experimented upon at an hotel in Connecticut, in presence of a number of scientific gentlemen, the servant, a rosy country girl, by the request of the exhibitor, brought in a blanket, and tarrying, seemed to look on some of the experiments with much interest, but when she saw the somnambulist reading the newspaper through several folds of the blanket without the least difficulty, she blushed very red, and edged her way sheepishly out of the room, exclaiming in a pet, to the great amusement of the spectators, that 'If these sumnamby fellers could see through things arter that fashion, she didn't know what good a body's clothes did 'em!'

A contemporary editor makes the following just remark. Thousands have learned the important truth, by their ruin—a few, a very few, by their success:—"Newspaper enterprise and newspaper property are peculiar and *sui generis.* Like a poet, a newspaper editor must be born such, or he will never succeed."

There is a new game at the South—a man has put up a fat hog to be *guessed for*, at one dollar a chance—the one guessing nearest the weight of his porkship to be his owner.

A young lady in the Wisconsin Territory was recently drummed out of town by a squad of young men, for expressing her determination to remain in a single state.

The Cincinnati hog market is in full bristle, and appears to be more abundant and more prosperous than on any previous year. The Whig of the last date says that *two hundred thousand* porkers will be slaughtered this winter, being about forty thousand more than were ever butchered before in one year. We take it that the length of sausages that this sacrifice of Ohio hogs will enable the Cincinnatians to extend, would pretty nearly, or quite reach round the Globe.

A SYDNEY SHEPHERD.

"Vell, here I am—no matter how it suits,
A keeping Company vith them dumb brutes,
Old Park was no bad Judge—confound his vig!
Of vot vood break the Sperrit of a Prig!

"The like of Me, to come to New South Wales
To go a-tagging arter Vethets' Tails,
And valk in Herbage as delights the Flock,
But stinks of Sweet Herbs vorser nor the Dock!

"I arn't ashamed to say I sit and veep
To think of Seven Year of keeping Sheep—
The Spooniest Beasts in Nater, all to sticks,
And not a Votch to take for all their Ticks!

"Von only happy moment I have had
Since here I come to be a Farmer's Can,
And then I cotched a vild Beast in a Snooze,
And pick'd her Pouch of three young Kangaroos!"

Hood's Comic Annual.

The editor of the Catskill Recorder complains that his subscribers don't pay, and says he would "take crooked pig's tails soaked in vinegar," rather than nothing.

Total Depravity.—Receiving a newspaper three years, then cheating the Printer and running off.

Unpardonable Sin.—Subscribing for a newspaper with no intention of paying for it.

Advantage of Stupidity.—When La Fontaine was on his death-bed, his confessor exhorted him to repent; the nurse came in and begged he would not plague him. 'He is more stupid than wicked,' added she; 'God Almighty will not have the heart to damn him!'

How to Raise the Steam.—Dr. Paris tells us that when Dr. Dunning wished to make an extraordinary display of eloquence, he always put a blister on his chest a few hours before the time he was to speak, in order that it might irritate the brain by sympathy during his speech.

The Newsmongers.—Some people are never happy but in hearing or telling news. A person being in a public house one day, asked a stranger who came in 'What news?' Says the stranger, 'Why, forty thousand men have *risen* to-day.' The newsmonger, supposing the stranger referred to a rebellion, asked him what they intended to do? 'Why, go to bed again at night,' replied the stranger.

Philosophy.—When Captain Parry's men were vying with each other in admiration of the play got up and acted by the officers, an old boatswain's mate exclaimed—'Clever! I call it philosophy, by George.'

MULTIPLYING A SHIRT.

As Tom, whose end of poverty was dashed,
Lay snug in bed while his *one* shirt was washed,
The dame appeared, and holding it to view,
She said, "If 'tis washed again, 'twill wash in two,"
"Indeed!" cries Tom, "then wash it, pray good cousin,
And wash it, if you can, into a dozen!"

A DUTCHMAN'S ELEGY.

Here lies mine pabes so dead as nits,
Vot God has kilt mit ague fits,
He would not let 'em stay mit me,
But took 'em home to stay mit he.

A Scientific Joke.—The Society of Arts in London has been handsomely hoaxed. A carriage with but one wheel, and to be used without horses, was advertised to be exhibited at a certain place, and the members of the Society, and the Public in general, were invited to come and examine it. The ardor of their expectation was somewhat dampened when they were shown a—*wheelbarrow.*

THE HUNTER.

Merrily winds the hunter's horn,
  And loud the ban of dogs replying;
When before the light of the fleet-foot morn
  The shadows of night are flying.

Sullen the fox in the deep green wood,
  And proud the stag that roams the forest;
And noble the steed, with his warlike blood,
  That exults when the toil is sorest.

Fair is the land of hill and plain,
  And lonely dells in misty mountains,
And the crags where eagles in tempest reign,
  And glittering lakes and fountains.

These are the joys that hunters find,
  Whate'er the sky that's bending o'er them,
When they leave their cares on their beds behind,
  And earth is all fresh before them.

Day ever chases away the night,
  And the wind pursues the waves of ocean,
And the stars are brother-like hunters bright,
  And all is in ceaseless motion.

Life is a chase; and so 'tis joy,
  And hope foretells the hunter's morrow;
'Tis the skill of man and the bliss of boy
  To gallop away from sorrow.

A father of an interesting family near Detroit, not long since, stopped the only newspaper which he had ever allowed himself or family, and solely on the ground that he could not afford the expense. This man chews up fourteen dollars and sixty cents worth of tobacco every year.

A man in Kentucky has a pig whose ears are so far from his mouth that he cannot hear himself squeal. His tail is also said to be so crooked that he cannot trot through a barn door. Wonder what his legs are like.

Extraordinary Temperance.—On Saturday, at a meeting of the Magistrates, a woman was put on her oath as to the temperance of her neighbor. Witness swore that she had known her for ten years, and never knew her to be intoxicated, for she seldom drank more than *sixteen* glasses of rum in the course of the day. Manx Advertiser.

A Pun.—A brewer was drowned in his own vat. Mr. Jekyll, being informed of the circumstance, said that the verdict of the jury should be "Found floating on his *watery bier.*"

Knock Him Down.—If the savage maxim of that old bear, Dr. Johnson, be true—that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket (and he punned alliteratively when he said so) we much fear that the editor of the Boston Post will die an unhappy death. Hear him—"It is common to speak contemptuously of tailors and dress-makers. This is bad taste—none but a rat would run down the *sewers.*

Bulls.—"I never shot a bird in my life," said one to another.

"I never shot anything in the shape of a *bird* except a *squirrel*, and that I *killed* with a *stone*—when it fell from the tree into the river, and was *drowned*," was the reply. N. O. Com. Herald.

The above is a tougher, but we can tell a better and a truer one perpetrated in this city, by a Yankee. "That ar' dog (pointing to a large white one) aint got a bit of *black* about him, except his ears, and they're *brown.*" Ledger.

A Western paper says, a certain dweller in the land of notions—'long *sarce* and short *sarce*,'—wooden nutmegs, horn gun flints, and cast iron axes, has lately taken to making sausages of brown paper. And we were presented with a segar the other day, from Yankee land, its contents being oak leaves saturated in tobacco liquor, and the wrapper a thin piece of leather, called by the curriers the 'buffing of horse hide.' Its appearance was 'real Havana.'

Charles Lamb.—Lamb, it is well known, was remarkable for his *mauvaise honte* on his first introduction to strangers; and he had also a singular faculty, when in the vein for punning, of throwing a merry conceit even into a monosyllabic exclamation. On one occasion his friend T——, just as he was about to present him to a circle of new faces, exhorted him to a courageous bearing, concluding with—

"Now, wilt promise, Lamb, not to make yourself so *sheepish* as usual?"

Charles replied, with a rustic air, "I *wool!*"

"The force of punning can no further go!" cried his laughing friend.

"Say you so?" stammered Lamb. "*Bah!*"

SAM WELLER IN PARIS.

The London Monthly Magazine for December comes out strong. It opens with a very amusing paper, "Pickwick Abroad," being no less than a continuation of the adventures of the Pickwickians in France. It is done by a different hand, but it is a clever imitation of Boz's style and humor. It is illustrated with two very spirited prints, by Alfred Crowquill, one of which, Mr. Pickwick's Triumphal entrance into Calais, is very clever, the likenesses being well preserved. There are several very amusing papers in this number. We give the following extract from the "Pickwick," being Sam Weller's letter to his wife.

"KALLIS, france, nowember 12.

"Mi dear mari, Ve got safe to france, and a nation quere place it is, the ouses alone is like inglish ouses, but the metes is quite other, so is the vimen, they givd us frogg's leggs for lunshun, and Mister tuppman womitted is shair in the guverner's lapp and over is unmenshunables, vithout sain bye or vith yer leve. the guverner maid a speche on the okkashun vich vos unannymusly applorded by all the servints as vos prezint, and werry much to is creditt it vos tu.

"As ve cum along the rode to dover ve stopp'd at shuter's ill and see the old genelman vich vos in good elth and sperets. he vos a smoakin and drinkin brandi-and-vater. he arsk'd wery kind arter you, mari, and the babbies. he hadnt sene nothink of the red-nosed man since he left dorkin, an dusnt vont for to see him agin nayther, as the scule-boy said o' the goast.

"You must ekskuse this bad ritin, but french penns von't spell inglish like inglish vons, and the paper is so thin you drop sum o' the letters threw on t'other side vich gets on the blottin paper, and is lost in censekvence. i dusn't get sich good bakker in france as i does in ingland, and the people ere alvays drinks vine cos there's no strong bere. claret is wery plentifull in this cuntry, and the suggers vears redd briches. the servint gals all vears vite capps an gouns that dusn't cum lower than their vaistis.

"now, mi dere mari, take cair o' the babbies an o' yerself as is more preshuser still if possible: i dont no ven ve shall be back, but you no Mister Vinkle tolde his vife that he vudent be long avay, and as he's a goin to parris on his fathers agincy bisness, an the guverner vent vith him under pretense o' takin care of him tho raly as an ekskuse for sein parris hisself, it is all rite as the eksicushuner said ven he had ajusted the corde round the genelman's neck at the old baly.

"take cair o' yerself, mari, and so no more now from yer ever effecshunate usban, SAMIVEL VELLER."

"P s i forgot to sai that the servint gals vears petticotes altho their gouns dont cum lower than their vaistises."

"To Missus mari veller, ousekeper, Dullich
"lodge, rezzidents o' Samivell pickvick eskvire
"Dullich, nere lundun, by vay o' dover."

"And a wery eligant little he pistol it is," said Sam, complacently eyeing the effort of his imagination and mental capacity, which will for ever remain a monument of the genius of the Weller family. "Now for a vafer, and to the post, as the vinning orse said at the races."

A SPANISH COMBAT.

The Marquis required some moments to collect himself, and cried at last, looking round with threatening glances, 'No one shall dare, in my presence, to insult the Constitution and the hero of Las Cabezas.'

Suddenly a deep voice from the crowd which surrounded him cried, 'Down with the Constitution! to the seventh hell with Riego!' And at the same time a man stepped forward, wrapped up in his mantle, and his large hat pulled deep over his face.

The officer, uncertain what he was to think of this unexpected opponent, cried, 'Who are you? What do you want? In the name of the King and Constitution deliver yourself prisoner?'

At the first word of the disguised man, Dolores was on the point of springing to him, with the words 'Jesu, Maria, it is Christoval!' but her brother and the young gipsy girl, who had joined her in the meantime, held her back. Christoval himself, throwing hastily his hat on the ground, and swinging back his cloak, which he at the same time twisted round his arm, stood in a moment with his drawn knife in his hand, ready for the conflict. Remarking the movement of Dolores, he called to her, 'For the love of God, girl, keep back! Esteban, hold her back!' Then looking round—'And you, Caballeros, keep quiet. I have an account to settle with the young gentleman there. You do not know me, Sir, you say,' he continued, as he turned towards the officer, 'but I know you—you are the one who has ruined me. Recollect the Venta de Gualdiaro. You are the murderer of the brave Pedro Gomez. His blood still sticks to your sabre, and blood will have blood!'

With these words Christoval pressed in upon his adversary. The latter could not conceal from himself the danger of his situation. All round him he saw, by the uncertain light of the torches, either curious or indifferent countenances, whilst others of the crowd darted gloomy and unfriendly glances at him. He knew very well that he was hated by the lower classes of the people in the neighborhood, and by the Serviles, on account of the zeal with which he had distinguished himself in the pursuit of robbers, contrabandists, and people of that description. He hesitated then a short time whether he should engage in a duel with such an enemy, or should call in the arm of the law to his assistance; but the desire of adventure, natural to so young a man, rose within him, and he was ashamed, when opposed only to a single adversary, to have the appearance of calling for help. He also was not certain that it would be of any use to him, for not one of those present seemed to have any inclination to support his cause.—

* * * *

The extraordinary combat had, in the meantime, begun. Not unacquainted with the fearful weapon of his antagonist, and with the only means of escaping it, the officer stood in a calm attitude on his ground, with his right arm drawn back, either ready to cut or thrust. He knew he was lost, without hope of escape, if he did not lay his antagonist low at the first stroke; and he followed his movements with eyes and body in high-wrought attention. Christoval, in the meantime, bent forward in an almost cowering position behind his cloak, which was stretched out far before him on his left arm, while in his right hand he held his long knife, the blade of which of two fingers' breadth, diminished gradually to a fine point, and was hollowed out below for the convenience of thrusting. In this attitude he slid round his adversary, in circles gradually smaller, watching with glowing eyes his every motion. It was evident that the latter was gradually losing patience, while his fiery courage excited him to make a speedy end of the affair.

'He is lost!' quietly remarked an old bull-fighter who stood amongst the crowd, and observed the fight with the eye of a connoisseur.

The cloak now seemed to slip from Christoval's left arm; and whilst he endeavored to gather it up again, he exposed himself in some degree to his adversary, who, thinking the right moment had arrived, rushed forward, and aimed a powerful blow at his adversary's head—but sank at the same moment to the ground with a faint cry. The apparent slipping off of the cloak was only a feint of Christoval's, by which he might mislead his adversary into some imprudent movement. Receiving the blow on his cloak, he sprang forward at the same moment with the quickness of lightning on his adversary, like the tiger on his prey, and thrust the knife from below, under the ribs, into his left side; and such was the force of the blow, together with that of the spring, that he tore the unhappy man's body open, completely across, so that the trunk only hung to the under body by the bones of the spine, while the numerous layers of his thick woollen cloak had defended Christoval from every injury.

'God be merciful to his poor soul!' said he, with an agitation which he with difficulty suppressed, while the persons around, keeping silence for a moment, gazed on the terrific wound.

Daring Feat.—It having been announced that a sailor would throw himself from the mast-head of a ship in the Victory Dock Basin, Liverpool, a vast number of persons assembled. On Monday, at the time appointed, he cast himself from the mast, falling head foremost in the water, and was picked up by a boat, which with great sang froid he sculled to the side and landed. Shortly after he announced that he would take the same leap, turn a somerset in the air, and fire a pistol. Not less than 20,000 persons congregated. Having mounted the mast-head of the "Dalhousie Castle," a height of about 120 feet from the water, he threw off his hat, and sprang into the air. It was an awful sight. He appeared to have slipped or to have sprung too far, for he had no command over himself, but fell straight feet foremost, and gradually turning backwards till he arrived in the water, on which he fell heavily with the flat surface of the bottom of his back. The splash had scarcely disappeared before his head rose above water, when some boats made up to him (he contriving to support himself till they reached him), into one of which he was lifted. He appeared to be stunned and hurt by the fall. A hackney-coach conveyed him to Langan's public-house. He is a young man about 28 years of age, and he undertook the daring feat on the chance of a collection among the crowd, which we understand was considerable.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 8¼ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him upon the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, *as men*—he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse*. He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. grandam the old Slamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1831—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:5.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:52.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:00—6:03.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:00. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Truffle colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:56. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats. he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:44. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000, $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match, Four mile heats, $5000 a-side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51½. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:1—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 310, vol. vii. pages 236, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 541, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

SKYLARK,

WINNER OF FORTY TWO RACES, 24 of them King's Plates!—This unequalled four mile performer will stand the ensuing season at the stables of the subscriber, 2 miles from Nashville, at $100, payable on the 1st day of Jan. next, which may be discharged by the payment of $85 within the season, and $1 to the groom; insurance $125. The season will commence on the 1st Feb. and end on the 1st July next.

The Memoir of Skylark is published in the 8th volume of the Am. Turf Register, page 145, therefore only a few of the prominent facts will be given

He is a dark bay, with a strong rich coat; black legs, main and tail, without white; 15 hands 3 inches high; a full carcass, with broad and expanded ribs; limbs clean, hard and uninjured; a large hazel eye, clean head and muzzle; throttle, nostrils, and mouth, all indicating an easy breather;—the mouth is unusual for its depth. Indeed he is excellent in all the cardinal racing points. When we examine the size of his back bone, the extent and declivity of his Archie-like shoulder-blades, approximating the strongest framed hip-bones, our wonder at his ability to carry such high weights is diminished. He has descended from an ancestry, in every line and branch, celebrated for speed and game; his multiplied and brilliant performances are confirmations of the purity of descent, and the truth of the adage that "blood will tell," or that blood will find its level according to its purity.

Skylark, bred by Mr. Daxon, and foaled in 1826, was got by Waxy Pope, sometimes called Sligo Pope, winner of the Derby; his dam Skylark, (dam also of Giles, a capital four mile horse,) was got by Musician, out of a sister to Porouette by Young Eagle—Parisot by Sir Peter,—her dam Deceit, sister to the yellow mare by Tandem Perdita, by Herod—Fair Forester by Sloe—Forester—Partner—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Son of Dodsworth—Barton Barb Mare.

Waxy Pope, so called from being the son of Waxy, was out of the famous old Prunella, that was also the dam of Penelope, (the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, &c.), Parasol, Pelisse, Podargus, Pioneer, Pledge, Pope Joan, Piquet, and Prudence—all distinguished.

Musician was got by Worthy, out of Woodbine, (dam also of Music and Minuett, both winners of the Oaks,) by Woodpecker—Puzzle by Matchem—Princess by Herod—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner, &c.

Young Eagle, own brother to Eagle and Spread Eagle, was got by Volunteer, dam by Highflyer, &c.

Worthy was got by Pot-8-o's, out of Maria by Herod, grandam Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor by the Godolphin Arabian.

If Amateurs and Breeders are to be controlled by performances, then Skylark occupies an enviable eminence; his performances have never been equalled on any turf—he won more King's Plates, and 3 and 4 mile races, than any horse that ever run: in a majority of the races with heavier weights than his competitors, and the betting was often 6, 10, and sometimes 15 to 1 Skylark against the field!

He beat many horses of the highest renown at all distances; among them Lady Elizabeth had twice to yield to his superior prowess, and she ran 4 miles at 5 years old, with 137lbs, in 7:45.

It has been said of him, that "those who have never seen him run, can form but a faint idea of his capabilities, and as a proof of the high estimation in which he stood with Turfmen, he was handicapped to carry 15st. (210lbs.) for the Corinthian Stakes."

So pre-eminently successful was he, at long distances and heavy weights, (often giving great odds,) that he was frequently permitted to walk over. and "the alterations in the King's Plates have been attributed to his unparalleled performances." At the age of nine years, his challenge to run with any horse, 4 miles, carrying 140lbs., not being accepted, he was withdrawn from the turf, as free from blemish or injury as when he first started.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1838. [J27] L. P. CHEATHAM,

MINGO

WILL STAND the ensuing season at Cooper's Ferry, Camden, N. J., the season to commence the 15th of Feb., and terminate the 1st July, 1838. Mr. William Cooper, who resides in the immediate vicinity of the proposed stand, will furnish abundance of pasture, of the best kind, for mares from a distance; and oats and hay, if desired, will be provided at the market prices, and suitable accommodations for persons who may be sent in charge of the mares. Every attention and care will be given to guard against accidents and escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping, and that for the service of the horse, to be paid before the removal of the mares, and within the season.

A memoir of Mingo will be published shortly.

The reception of short pedigrees, with mares sent to him, will be very acceptable.

[d30-1t] C. IRVINE.

PENNOYER

WILL STAND this season at Augusta, Ga., at $50. He is out of the celebrated race mare Ariel, and got by Henry; for further particulars as to sire and dam see Turf Register. He is 4 years old this Spring, a dark bay, 15½ hands high, well proportioned, and very handsome. The reason of his not figuring on the turf is, that he received, when a two year old, a severe kick on his right fore leg, which caused a large knee; his owner has taken every pains to remove it, but has not succeeded, so has to stand him.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 4, 1838. [J20] JOHN MORRISON.

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.

James W. Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $300, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.

Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Hippy.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " " b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841. sub. $500, ft. $200, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.

W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Margaux.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile Ala., June 1. 1837.

FRENCH CORK-SOLED BOOTS.

EUGENE FERRIS, 44 Nassau-street, between Maiden-Lane and Liberty-street, invites public attention to his present extensive stock of Cork-Soled Boots, which will be found superior to any manufactured in this city. His attention to this branch of the business is unceasing, which has gained for him the most extensive trade in that line in this city. They are warranted to combine durability with comfort, and are recommended by gentlemen of the faculty, who are in the constant habit of using them for several years, as the best article for the preservation of health, and the comfort of those who may be affected with consumptive disease. He is constantly supplied with double-soled boots of a very superior quality. A splendid supply of French Patent Leather Dancing Pumps, Buffalo Sole Pumps, and every other article connected with the business. He requires but one trial to convince the public, that his boots, pumps, &c., are of the best description, and will give general satisfaction. [d23-tf.]

CARLTON HOUSE,

NO. 350 and 352 Broadway, (fronting on Broadway, Leonard, and Benson streets.)—The subscriber (late proprietor of the American Hotel) offers his grateful acknowledgments to his friends throughout the country, for their patronage at that hotel, and respectfully announces to them that he has been entrusted with the above large and extensive establishment (recently erected by Joshua Walker, Esq.) which will be open for the reception of company on the 1st of Jan. It is admirably calculated to afford to visitors who reside a few weeks in the city, an agreeable and retired home; and may be regarded from its commanding and elevated position, as the most salubrious, central, and eligible public residence in the city; it will conducted with a strict regard to the usages and habits of private life, combining order and comfort in every department.

A Coffee Room will be prepared by the middle of February, for the accommodation of gentlemen who prefer that mode of living; and chambers on the upper floor will be disposed of with or without board. Extensive accommodations will be reserved for families. Public tables will be served up daily at half-past 3 and 5 o'clock throughout the year.

The prices for Board, Lodging. Fires, &c. will be found on the Regulations of the House, and the terms, it is confidently believed, will meet the approbation of all.

The Tables, Wines, and other accommodations of the House, will not be surpassed by any other hotel in the United States; and the personal exertions of the subscriber will be unceasingly directed to the comfort of those who visit the establishment.

New York, Dec. 18, 1837. [J6-6t] EDWARD MILFORD.

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.

Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f. by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co., Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.

Henry Smith names ch. c Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.

L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.

We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p. in or with our entries.

Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p., free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.

Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Grainger names produce of Julia (by Conqueror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.

W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100. p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.
James M. Merman names b. c. Attila, by Imp. Luzboro. out of Kate Bivens by Conqueror.
A. B Nerrsom names br. c. Tom Leefe, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Top Gallant.
Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar.
James Jackson names s. f. Mango (Imp.) by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius.
" " " gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Galopade by Catton.
James Kirkman names b. c. Riddlesworth (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. o21]

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b f Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.

Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforbila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor*.

WESTERN COURSE—COLUMBUS, Ga.

THE Races over the above course will commence on Tuesday, 27th Feb. next, when the following purses will be offered:—

First day—Mile heats, Purse	$300
Second day—Two mile heats	500
Third day—Three mile heats	700
Fourth day—Four mile heats	1000
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	400

On the day preceding the regular races there will be run a Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200 each, h ft. Two mile heats. Nine subs. and closed

[J6] M. W. THWEATT, *Sec'y*.

MACON (Ga.) SPRING RACES.

THE Annual Spring Races over the Central Course, will commence on 3d Tuesday, 20th March, when the following purses will be offered:—

First Day—Purse $250, Mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $350. Two mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $750, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—Purse $300, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Weights agreeable to the Rules of the track.

Macon, Ga., Jan. 10, 1838. [J27-4t] MUSTIAN & MOTT.

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention

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TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

SWEEPSTAKES—St. LOUIS, Mo.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Sulphur Springs Course, St. Louis, Mo.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 4 subs.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $200, ft. $100, Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 4 subs.

4. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub $500, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.

5. Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $500, h. ft., Three mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.

6 Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 5 subs.

7. Produce Stakes for then 2 year olds, to be run Fall meeting, 1840, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 18 subs.

St. Louis, (Mo.) Nov. 1837. [d2] P. C. BUSH, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250. ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250. ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes. Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1838, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837; Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs. [d23] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor*.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3.05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jn1.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

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RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J16]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans. Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by

[At12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

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The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States,

NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,

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THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States.*

The Contents embrace a fertile range of Amusing and Instructive Subjects, by authors of celebrity:—

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An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New York, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [illegible]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - -	Hampton Course, Annual Jockey Club Races, 1st week in Feb.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - -	Kendall Course. Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th May.
CENTREVILLE, L. I. - -	Spring Races, 4th Tuesday, 24th April.
" "	*Trotting Sweepstakes*, about the 1st week in May
COLUMBUS, Ga. - -	Western Course, Spring Races, last Tuesday, 27th Feb.
CHARLESTON, S. C. -	Jockey Club Races, 3d Saturday, 17th Feb.
MACON, Ga. - - - - -	Central Course, Spring races, 3d Tuesday, 20th March.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. -	Match,—heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - -	Match, 2 m.h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838
TRENTON, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, Spring Races, 4th Tuesday, 24th April.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and othe MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

STALLIONS FOR 1838.

BERTRAND, by Archie, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford, will stand at James Lindsay's, four miles from Lexington, Ky., at $100.

BERNERS' COMUS. *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $50 the season.

CONSOL. *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70 the season.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archie, will stand at the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, at $30 the season, and $50 to insure.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, will stand at Col. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, below Columbia, S. C., at $75 the season and $150 to insure.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, will stand at Jas. Jackson's stables, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, will stand at Lagrange, Troup Co., Georgia. Particulars in due time ALBERT A. JETER.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, will stand at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LITTLE TURTLE, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel, grandam by Eclipse, (Buford's) will stand at Grass Hills, Gallatin Co., Ky., at $20. The best kind of grasses gratis.

MINGO, by American Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, will stand at Cooper's Ferry, opposite Philadelphia, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Mermaid by Orville, will stand at McMinnville, Tenn., under the care of Alex. Black, at $60, $100 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel, will stand at Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season. JOHN MORRISON.

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina by Woful, will stand at the stable of Dr. Merritt, near Hicksford, Va.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, will stand at the stables of L. P. Cheatham, 2 miles from Nashville, Tenn., at $100, $125 to insure, $1 to the groom.

ST. GILES, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Ascot Lass by Ardrossan, will stand at the stable of James Jackson, near Florence, Ala., at $60, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at Parker E. Todhunter's, Esq. Jessamine Co., Ky., at $100. Mares kept during the season free of charge.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I.

VALENTINE, *Imported*, by Magistrate, out of Miss Forrester by Diamond, will stand at the stables of Joseph H. Van Mater, Monmouth Co., N. J., at $50 the season, $75 to insure.

Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Three Dollars. No charge will be made, however, to those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail in our columns.

ROYALTY and REVELRY, or the KVEEN and the KOKKNEYS.

The glorious revelry is over! The city has poured forth all its gorgeous splendor in honor of

The expectancy and rose of the fair State.

The morning was as dull and foggy as the brains of those who provided the entertainment; but we must admit that the drizzling rain did not throw any damp over the arder, the loyalty, or the appetite of the citizens. The consumption of stomachic pills during the previous part of the week had very considerably increased the public revenue, and the supply of bitters on this eventful morning hardly equalled the demand. The worshippers of turtle and venison had undergone a very severe training, and their digestive powers were accordingly in a most excellent condition. The interview at Temple Bar was the first act in which her Majesty was called upon to play a part; and as the speech of Lord Cowan has not been reported, on his presentation of the keys of the city, we take the liberty of subjoining it. His Lordship had been instructed how to enact the character by the manager of Covent Garden, who, being "the only true representative of Shakspeare's heroes," could well instruct him how to embody the part as drawn in Richard the Third.

> Vouchsafe, most gracious sovereign, to accept
> The general homage of your loyal city:
> We farther beg your royal leave to speak
> With satisfaction of the civic feast;
> And, as our eager appetites compel,
> Intreat your speedy journey to Guildhall.

To which her Majesty most courteously condescended to reply—

> I thank you, my Lord Cowan, thank you all!
> Alas! my appetite is hardly fit for dinner;
> Yet knives and forks will be in abler hands.
> But be assured of this, so much already
> I perceive I scan you,
> That though I know not yet
> Your stomach's vast capacity, I vow
> I'd with Duke Humphrey rather dine than stay you.

Her Majesty, having seated herself on the throne provided, and, after her illustrious mother had, with the most anxious attention, arranged her royal daughter's best bib and tucker (during which time the Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and others had duly disposed their napkins under their chins), she assisted herself to a little turtle soup. All eyes were turned towards our youthful sovereign at this moment, since much curiosity existed to know whether her Majesty had been taught to open her mouth like other mortals, and to perform the functions of mastication and deglutition after the natural fashion. To the surprise of vast numbers, her Majesty had been so instructed, and it was gratifying to observe, that she went through such an extraordinary exercise without any apparent effort, and without suffering any fatigue. It was evident from the manner in which she handled her golden spoon that she was born with one in her mouth. The turtle having once stimulated the palates of the citizens, they allowed their royal guest to complete her repast without being the painfully "observed of all observers;" and if that physician who has lately been trying his "experiments on turtle," was fortunate enough to be present at this scene, he will be quite assured that the citizens of London are far more skilful operators than himself. The health of her Majesty was, of course, the first toast of the day, after which the National Anthem was sung, of which, however, there was a new version:—

> God save our best of Queens,
> Victoria, in her teens,
> God save the Queen.
> Send her a husband soon;
> And grant this joyful boon,
> He may not be a spoon—
> God save the Queen.
>
> The choicest wine in store,
> Now in a bumper pour—
> Long may she reign;
> May she defend old Gog,
> Also his brother log,
> And praise the civic prog—
> God save the Queen.

Her Majesty received the compliment with every mark of the deepest satisfaction, and immediately received from the hands of her watchful mother her second glass of wine, which, after a lengthened consultation with Doctor Clark, her Majesty's chief physician, had been allowed on this important day. It was announced to the company that the Queen proposed the health of Sir John Cowan, Baronet, Lord Mayor of London.

Lord Cowan bounded from his seat as if moved by some electric shock, and in an instant assumed the attitude of Glo'ster on his entrance on the stage:—

> Now is the darkness of our chandler's shop
> Made bright as Guildhall by our lovely Queen;
> And all the vulgar records of our house
> By the shrewd herald in oblivion hurried.
> Now are our rushlights changed to penny dips,
> Our penny dips hung up for nobler sixes,
> Our nobler sixes to transcendant fours,
> Our fours converted into one thick candle.
> The whale-oil lamp conceals its filthy form—
> And now, instead of vile sinumbra lamps,
> Which burned when Lady C. had visitors,
> I strut most proudly in my lady's chamber
> To the grand blazing of twelve streams of gas.

The delivery of the above soliloquy illuminated every countenance, and it was universally acknowledged that Lord Cowan was the most proper man to enlighten his fellow citizens. Sir Claudius Hunter cracked that joke to her Majesty, who was engaged upon a walnut which her amiable parent had just cracked for her; and if it had not been for a little "pressure from without," the facetious Alderman would have cracked his sides by laughing at his own humor.

Her Majesty's musical attainments are well known, and her affectionate duty ever paid to her mother deserves our warmest admiration. In order to gratify her faithful and loyal subjects, after receiving an approving nod from the Duchess of Kent, she delivered a song, the words of which were entirely composed by herself. The precocious talents of her Majesty have long been the theme of conversation, and the citizens of London must be delighted to find that they have been exercised purposely in honor of their invitation.

AIR—*We Met.*

> We met, 'twas at Guildhall,
> And I thought they would stun me;
> So crammed I scarce could breathe,
> And all eyes were upon me.
> They cheered—their shouts were loud,
> And the noise was unceasing;
> From that, until night,
> I should get no releasing.
>
> I wore my royal robe,
> And I groaned from its tightness;
> A pain was in my head—
> I nigh fell from its lightness.
> They toasted me by name,
> As if rivalling each other;
> Oh, thou hast been the cause
> Of this nonsense, my mother!

The gentleness of this pathetic appeal was appreciated by all the company, and even the bottlemen were observed to shed tears—especially the bottlemen who had the extraordinary duty to perform for those upon whom they attended, although it must be observed that very few of the Common Council required any assistance.

The papers have affected to be very minute in regard to the dishes on the table; but we regret to say that, notwithstanding all the apparent abundance, her Majesty had nearly suffered the fate of Sancho Panza on the appointment to his Government. The solicitude of her august parent as her Majesty took each delicate morsel was truly material: and the ardent manner in which her Royal Highness forbade the mutilation of a pork cutlet, as she was informed that pigs were subject to the meazles, made a deep impression on those around her. Doctor Clark remained during the whole of the repast in her Majesty's retiring room; and as he felt that the fate of an empire depended upon his caution and skill, he continued in a state of considerable trepidation until the withdrawal of her Majesty from the festive board. This was accompanied by the usual formalities, and her absence then afforded the civic wights an opportunity of indulging in their natural feelings. Lord Cowan, who bore "his blushing honors thick upon him," was too much wrapt up in his own lately acquired dignity to deviate from the rules of gravity; a smile, a frown, a shake of the head, were all that emanated from him; nor did the consideration of the cost of the fringe and gold lace, which Lady Cowan could not, as in the time of his Shrievalty, obtain at second-hand, the least engross his attention. Our friend Sir Clod became the life of the evening, and entertained the company with his vocal powers.

We shall not pretend to follow our civic friends through the further progress of the entertainment; for when we state that Sir Claudius began a song commencing "Though laid up in port," the situation and condition of the guests may well be imagined. There cannot be a doubt but that the Corporation will employ the City Remembrancer to compile a succinct account of the proceedings of this eventful day; and if that worthy gentleman should have been inadvertently led by his loyalty into that state which would prevent him from remembering what occurred, we shall be happy to assist him. London Satirist.

ALL ROUND MY HAT!

> Young Colin was gathering a posy,
> To give to the fair of his heart,
> Of flowers all fragrant and rosy,
> And twined with a true lover's art.
> In presenting the gift to the maid,
> She laughingly whispered him, that
> "On her bosom his gift should be laid,
> Or she'd circle them all round her hat!"
>
> He met the fair maid on the morrow,
> Who coquettishly turned her away:
> All his joy was now changed into sorrow,
> For where was the lover's bouquet?
> Then the maiden maliciously said,
> As poor Colin looked downcast and flat,
> "When Love's gifts are not *on* the heart laid,
> Can't you see that it's all round my hat?"

EAGLE COURSE—TRENTON, N. J.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are to come off at the first Spring meeting, commencing on Tuesday, April 24, 1838.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $200, Mile heats. To name and close 1st March; 3 or more to make a race.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $50, Mile heats. To name and close as above; 4 or more to make a race.

Third Day—Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, sub. $100, ft. $50, and $200 added by the proprietors, Two miles out. To name and close as above; 4 or more to make a race.

PURSES.

First Day—Mile heats, for all ages,	- - - -	$200
Second Day—Two mile heats, for all ages	- -	300
Third Day—Three mile heats, for all ages	- -	500

The Four mile race will be deferred until the Second Spring meeting.

[F3-tf.] O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I.

THE following Sweepstakes are open for RUNNING HORSES, to come off over this course on Tuesday, 24th April next.

1. Sweepstakes for 4 year olds and under that never won a purse, sub. $50, P.P., with a purse of $200 added by the proprietor, Two mile heats; to name and close on or before the 1st April; 3 or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes free for all ages, sub. $50, P.P., with a purse of $200 added by the proprietor, Two mile heats. To name and close on or before the 1st April; 3 or more to make a race.

Nominations to the above stakes must be made in writing, and deposited with John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I., or with the subscriber. The Rules of the Union Course to govern.

A Sweepstakes for mules also is to come off over the same course, of which the particulars will be announced hereafter.

Centreville, L. I., Feb. 1, 1838. [F3-t1A] JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor.*

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the 15th of July. Mares to be paid for before taken away. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Feb. 1, 1838. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch. h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude by Pipator.—Beatrice by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrenzy by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lb., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Sehous, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst. Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst. Ascot, 6 to 1 agst. Mundig. Ascot came in second. Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 191 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rouncevai, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, at 8st. 4lb., ridden by Chiffney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D.M., in a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. Two to one on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D.I., 15 subs.; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee.

At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8st. 7lb., D.I.; 8 subs.; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave, a second time; even betting on Trustee.

At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st. 7lb. each, in a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee.

At York August meeting, same year, he was beaten by Voluna, for the Great Subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs.; 5 to 2 on Trustee.

At the same meeting, Trustee was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st. 3lb. Two miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st. 5lb., 2 miles 3 subs., beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D.I., carrying 8st. 10lb., and beating Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks), Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 9 to 2 agst. Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold.

Catton, Trustee's sire, had seven winners in the year 1836, on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He had 32 of his get entered for the big things in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, &c., who won 10 prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l.* and 600*l.* at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton.

[F3-tf.]

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FOLLOWING TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES are open to come off at the First Spring meeting, and to close on Saturday, 17th March.

1. A Sweepstakes, free for all Trotting Horses, sub. $100, h. ft., with $200 added by the proprietor, Three mile heats, under the Saddle.

2. A Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50, sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor, Two mile heats, in Harness; three or more to make a race.

3. A Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50, sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the proprietor, Two mile heats, under the Saddle; three or more to make a race.

4. A Sweepstakes, free for all horses that never trotted for money, sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the proprietor, Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

The sums added to the above Stakes by the proprietor, will not be paid unless more than one horse starts.

The regular Spring meeting will commence about the first week in May. The amount of purses, distances, &c., will be given in a future number.

The above Stakes will be closed at 9 o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 17th March next. Nominations to be made in writing and deposited at Randel Smith's Hotel, Park Row, New York, 2d door above the Park Theatre. Description, color, and name of the horse to be stated and enclosed in the nomination.

Centreville, Feb. 1, 1838. [F3-t17m] JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor.*

VALUABLE BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

I SHALL offer for sale at public auction, the second day of the Newmarket Spring Races, 1838, four *good ones*, viz.:

1. *Tornado*, s. c. foaled 4th April, 1834, by Am. Eclipse, out of Theresa by Arab.
2. *Nancy Bell*, b. f. foaled 14th June, 1834, by Imp. Fylde, out of Georgiana by Napoleon.
3. *Lizette*, b. f. foaled 9th May, 1835, by Imp. Fylde, out of Theresa by Arab.
4. *Matoaca*, b. f. foaled 3d June, 1835, by Imp. Fylde, out of Georgiana by Napoleon.

These nags were all bred by myself, and are fine stout animals, and extremely likely, without blemish. The first two were trained last Fall—Nancy Bell won her stake at Tree Hill, beating Capt. Heth's Greybeard filly. She ran the week after, but was amiss, and was beaten. Tornado was trained also in the Spring, but was amiss, and did not start. He was also amiss in the Fall, but started twice—at Newmarket, two miles out, where he ran second to the winner, Mr. Hare's Charles colt, time not reported—and at Warrenton, when he ran second to the winner, Mary Lyle, almost locked, two mile heats, both heats 3:55, an excellent race.

Lizette is engaged in a Sweepstakes, next Spring, at Bellfield, 8 or 10 subs.; entrance $100. I shall also enter her at Fairfield, where there will be about the same number of subs., ent. $150, ft. $100.

Matoaca is entered at Lawrenceville, 5 subs., ent. $100, ft. $50, and I shall enter her in another stake.

All these nags will be trained this Spring, at Bellfield, and will run at Lawrenceville, Bellfield, and Newmarket, and may be seen by any one at Bellfield, before they leave there for the first race.

I wish to sell them because I am no racer, and my stock is too large.

As Georgiana is the progenitor of them all, Theresa being out of her, I subjoin her pedigree in full, which will suffice for the others. She was got by Drummond's Napoleon, (one of the best sons of Sir Archy), out of Major Phil. Claiborne's Old Poll, (dam also of Carolinian, Boxer, Theseus, Tyro, and Lady Randolph,) by Symm's Wild air—Americus—Imp. Janus—Old Partner—Jolly Roger—out of the Imp. mare Kitty Fisher.

Druid, and Symm's Wild-air are too well known to need anything being said of them here—so of Janus and Jolly Roger, and also the old mare Kitty Fisher.

Americus was foaled in 179 , [The manuscript from which I take this is so illegible that I cannot say exactly whether it is 1770 or 1790,] and was bred by Gen. Nelson. Got by Fearnaught, out of Imp. mare Blossom, by the celebrated King's Plate horse Sloe—Blossom was also the dam of Gen. Nelson's two celebrated horses, Rockingham and Sloe, by Old Partner.

Old Partner was foaled in 1775, by Master's Fardler, out of Col. Tasker's Imp. mare Selina, by the Godolphin Arabian, and was the last son of his sire—he the best son of O'Kelly's Eclipse, &c.

Napoleon, by Sir Archy, out of a Sir Harry mare—Dare Devil—Batte & Maclin's Fearnought—Janus, &c.

Arab was by Sir Archy, dam by Sir Harry, &c. His full pedigree can be found in any of the Stud Books; I have it not by me.

It will be seen that they are more nearly connected with the Old Virginia Stock than any—Georgiana was dropped by her dam when she was 22 years old, and her dam was foaled when the Wildair mare was very old.

This stock of horses has been confined to the counties of Greensville and Brunswick from the time of old Jolly Roger down to this time, and for the last 80 years have been the property of but three persons, viz.: the late Mr. Symms, the late Major Phil. Claiborne, and myself.

I will treat for them privately, but if not sold before, they will be offered at public sale as above stated. I train them for no other reason than to show what they are, knowing them myself to be good ones. Tornado is 5 feet 2¼ inches; Nancy Bell 5 feet 1¼ inches; Lizette 5 feet 1½ inches; and Matoaca 5 feet ½ inch. Four better nags, from two mares, in two successive years, are not to be found. My address is Lawrenceville, Brunswick Co., Va.

EDW. B. HICKS.

P.S. I have others of the same stock I will sell, viz.: s. m. *Lethe*, by Merlin, out of Theresa, and a yearling f. by Shakspeare, out of the same; or either of the old mares, both in foal to Emancipation. [J27-t1a] E. B. H.

SALE OF BLOODED STOCK.

THE Subscriber will sell at private sale the following half, full, and thorough-bred animals. The pedigrees so far as given, are known to be correct.

Civil John, gr. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Virginia Grey by Packingham, grandam by Melzar, he by Imp. Medley. This colt ran, whilst lame, second in both heats of the two mile race at Charlestown, Kenawha, in September last—the only time he ever started. He is half brother to the distinguished mare Ironette. His sire and her sire were also by the same horse, the renowned Sir Archy.—Price $1500.

Tomahawk, b. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall by Haxall's Moses, grandam by Imp. Speculator, g. grandam by Imp. Dare Devil.—Price $500. Untried.

Mickinack, br. c. (Turtle), foaled spring of 1834, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Chiaxco, br. c. foaled spring of 1835, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Br. g. ——, foaled spring of 1836, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall—Price $150.

Surveyor, gr. c. foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Patty Renick by McComb's Arabian, grandam by Imp. Spread Eagle. His (McComb's Arabian) sire was by the horse sent by the Bey of Tunis to President Jefferson, his dam was the Arabian mare sent at the same time—Price $500.

Mary Punch, b. f. 4 years old last August, by Marylander, (vide Turf Register, vol. 1, pages 417, 35, 89, 532, 33, and 576,) out of Kate by Tuckahoe, grandam by Imp. Pantaloon, g. grandam the famous running mare, Bradley Bean's Maria by Imp. Punch—Price $500.

Also, the thorough-bred imported Short-horned Durham Bull, *Whitaker*, the *twin getter*, calved June 12th, 1834, got by Norfolk, out of Minna, Mr. Whitaker's (of England) favorite cow. The three first cows which calved from this bull the past summer, produced twins—making the fifth pair of his get in a twelvemonth, from a limited number of cows—Price $1200.

D. M'ARTHUR.

☞ Letters addressed to W. Marshall Anderson, Chillicothe, Ohio, on the subject of the above, will be promptly answered.

Chillicothe, November, 1837. [d9-3t]

FOR SALE.

MANALOPAN, a grey colt, 4 years old, by Medley, dam by John Richards, and a distinguished winner. Price $1500, if applied for before the 1st of March. He is now in training in the stable of Joseph H. Van Mater. [J20-tf.]

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1838 will take place over this course the Second Tuesday, 8th May. The following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over this course, spring of 1838.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, then 3 years old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Mile heat To close 1st March. Now six subs.

Richard N. Snowden, of Maryland.
Edmund Townes, of North Carolina.
James S. Garrison, of Virginia.
James M. Selden, of Maryland.
William Wynn, of Virginia.
David Toms, of Pennsylvania.

Several other entries promised.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 years old, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft.; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped spring 1837, to run spring 1840; Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100; to close 1st June next. Now 9 subs. and many others promised, which will make this a very interesting race.

Hector Bell, of Virginia.
George L. Steckett, of Maryland.
Edmund Townes, of North Carolina.
James B. Kendall, of Maryland.
John L. Baltzer, of Washington city
Wm. R. Johnson, of Virginia.
Charles Green, of New York.
John Heth, of Virginia.
Thos. Emory, of Maryland.

The following stakes is also proposed by particular desire of a number of friends to the turf, as likely to be a very interesting stake.

A sweepstakes for 4 year olds, to run spring meeting, 1838, Two mile heats, sub. $300, ft. $100; 3 or more to make a race, to name and close 1st April.

Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes will please address the Proprietor at Baltimore.

As the result of the last fall races has clearly demonstrated that the Maryland stock of horses is equal to any other—none of the purses will be confined to Maryland bred horses, but free for all, unless positively objected to by the Club.

[J13] JAMES B. KENDALL, *Proprietor of the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.*

SWEEPSTAKES.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES were closed during the Newberry C. H. (S. C.) Fall Races.

1. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1835, to come off over the Newberry J. C. Course, Fall meeting.

2. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1836, to be run over the above course, Fall, 1838, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft.; 4 subs.

The following Sweepstakes are now open:

1. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, to be run over the above course Fall meeting, 1839, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Oct. 1839; 3 or more to make a race.

Myers & Henderson. | P. E. Duncan.

2. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, to be run Fall meeting, 1839, sub. $200, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close Fall meeting, 1838; 3 or more to make a race. Maj. Wm. Eddings. | P. E. Duncan.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, to be run Fall meeting, 1840, sub. $100, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close Fall meeting, 1839; 3 or more to make a race.

Maj. J. D. Williams,
Myers & Henderson,
P. E. Duncan,
H. Smith,
Thos. B. Osborn.

[J27] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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